# CUMBERLAND

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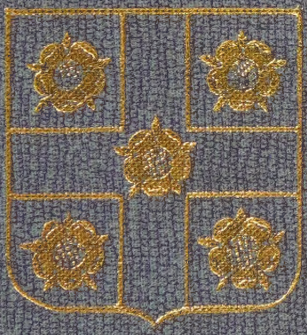

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*The County Anthologies*

NO. 4

# CUMBERLAND

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R. P. COWL.

14C 83

*THE COUNTY ANTHOLOGIES*
*General Editor:* R. PAPE COWL, M.A.

# CUMBERLAND

## In Prose and Verse

*An Anthology*

BY

WALTER & CLARE JERROLD

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# INTRODUCTION

NO county of England is more intimately connected with great literary names than romantic Cumberland, fittingly associated as it is with the romantic revival in English poetry. No other county can boast of such a triad as that which in the early years of the nineteenth century brought the critical bigwigs out on the green. The critics are silent now, their strictures read only by students of literary history; the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey has risen serene above the censure of the pundits. It will be read as long as the love of true poetry endures, in spite of another great poet's contemptuous "Thou Shalt Not."[1]

These three great figures dominate the scene, eclipsing, to a hasty view, a host of minor poets whose inspiration was drawn from the life among these mountains and dales. Certainly no part of England seems a more fitting home for the poetic muse than Cumberland, with its great heathery hills rising sheer from the dark lakes and sloping steeply to road-threaded valleys, where the small clear streams hurry over their pebbly beds, and the blue slatey rocks break against the green or russet of bracken-covered slopes. "Rich is this province," wrote John Speed, the cartographer, in 1611, "and with great varieties of commodities is replenished; the hills, though rough, yet smile upon their beholders, spread with sheep and cattle, the valleys stored with

[1] "Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope,
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey."
Lord Byron: *Don Juan.*

grasse and corne sufficiente, the sea affordeth great store of fish, and the land is overspread with great varietie of fowle."[1] An abundant variety of minerals, too, have contributed to Cumberland's prosperity since early days. Iron was mined around Egremont as early as the twelfth century, and since the fifteenth the coal-mines along the flat coastal strip about Workington, Maryport and Whitehaven have been a source of revenue.

The geographical position of the county made inevitable a stormy history. Mars was Cumberland's presiding spirit before Apollo, from the days when the first Roman legionaries vanquished the wild Britons, and Hadrian built his wall from the Solway to the Tyne. When the Romans withdrew, the county was overrun by the Picts and Scots, who forced their way over Hadrian's wall and pushed south; and after these invaders came the Saxon kings, one of whom in 945 ceded Cumberland to the King of the Scots. From this time on there was perpetual warfare upon the border. Conquered by the Norsemen, and retaken by the Scots in the twelfth century, Cumberland was not finally recovered by the English Crown before 1157. Edward I, in creating the office of Warden of the Marches, made the first attempt to organise a defence against the continual Scottish forays. But strife went on, even after the union of the English and Scottish Crowns in 1603; not for another century did the Scottish chieftains and the noble families of Cumberland cease to regard one another as natural enemies. " Kinmont Willie," a border ballad included in this anthology, celebrates the exploits of one of these border chieftains as he " burn'd and thiev'd " his way through Cumberland in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and tells how he was captured and gaoled by the

[1] *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain*, published 1611.

governor of Carlisle and rescued by a Scottish hero, Lord Buccleuch. It is worth noting, however, that during the Civil War, Cumberland joined sympathies with the hereditary enemies over the border in being strongly Royalist; and the Norman families whose names occur again and again in the county's troubled history—the Dacres, the Egremonts, the Musgraves and others—raised an army for King Charles. During the risings of 1715 and 1745 Carlisle, that stormy city, was the headquarters of the Jacobites in England. John Brown, the author, whose description of the Vale of Keswick will be found in this volume, distinguished himself as a volunteer in the defence of Carlisle in 1745.

It is not surprising that a county so beautiful, with so romantic a history, should prove the inspiration of many native poets. The eighteenth century produced many notable writers, several of whom wrote in the vernacular and have since been "adopted" into Scottish anthologies. Of these poets, who wrote of rustic life as they found it and lived it in the county of their birth, the most interesting is Susanna Blamire, "the Muse of Cumberland," whose sincere and simple verse is represented in this anthology by three poems, including the well-known "And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire." She was born at Cardew Hall, near Dalston, the daughter of a Cumberland yeoman, and lived all her life in the county of her birth. Her poems were written for the entertainment of herself and her friends, with no thought of publication; they reveal a true poetic spirit and a delightful sympathetic humour. Catherine Gilpin of Scalesby Castle, another eighteenth-century poetess represented in this volume, was a close friend of Miss Blamire's, and the two ladies collaborated in writing poems while living together, so that it has been difficult to distinguish between their work. Other writers who used the Cumbrian dialect and whose

poems show a true feeling for the joys and humours of rural life were Josiah Relph, a curate and schoolmaster at Sebergham, where he was born in 1712; Ewan Clark, another eighteenth-century schoolmaster, born at Standing-Stone near Wigton; John Stagg—"blin' Stagg the fiddler"—born at Burgh-by-Sands, who kept a library at Wigton and fiddled at village wakes, dances and weddings; Robert Anderson, of Carlisle, a writer who presents with happy humour and faithfulness a picture of the rustic manners of his day; and Mark Lonsdale, also of Carlisle, the son of a blacksmith. William Gilpin, known as the "Inventor of the Picturesque", and represented here by an extract from his "Observations Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty", was a Cumberland man by birth and descent, for, like Catherine Gilpin, the poetess already mentioned, he was a collateral descendant of Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North", and was born at Scalesby Castle, near Carlisle.

Not only the natives of this most romantic of counties have written in its praise. Many illustrious visitors have left records of their travels among the lakes and fells. Stout-hearted Daniel Defoe, in his famous "Tour of Great Britain," published in 1724, makes an exhaustive survey of Cumberland as it was in the early eighteenth century. He, true child of his age, had little eye for the natural beauties of the county. "Here," says he, "we saw Skiddaw one of those high hills of which, wherever you come, the People always say they are the highest in England. . . . The river Derwent is noted for very good Salmon, and for a great quantity, and trout." To Defoe, as to the others of his generation, the proper study of mankind was—man. The coal trade around Whitehaven, the lead and copper mines, the schools and libraries, the castles and great houses which "go everywhere to ruin, as

indeed all the castles in this county do," interest him deeply; but for him the mountains are just so much grazing or barren land, the lakes so much water containing or not containing edible fish.

This practical point of view was not shared by the fore-runner of the great Romantic poets, who visited the county half a century or more later on. In 1769 came Thomas Gray, touring the Lake Country and writing a three-volume journal of his impressions for the benefit of his friend Dr. Wharton, a would-be fellow traveller whose intentions had been frustrated by an attack of asthma. The invalid doctor was assuredly not more interested than posterity has been in this journal, with its detailed account of the roads and scenery and the people encountered by Gray on his travels. The wild beauty of Cumberland seems to have inspired the nervous and delicate poet with almost as much alarm as admiration. Of the walk from Lodore round Derwentwater he writes: "The crags now begin to impend terribly over your way . . ." and is reminded of "those passes in the Alps where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snow above. I took their counsel here, and hastened on in silence." Thomas Gray was one of the first men of culture to appreciate the beautiful scenery of Lakeland; for at the end of the eighteenth century, Cumberland was only just beginning to be visited by painters and men of letters.

The long neglect its beauties suffered was more than compensated, however, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Lake Country became the headquarters of the poetic muse in England. William Wordsworth, greatest of the poets who have found their inspiration in communion with Nature, was born in Cockermouth, that market town on the confluence of

the Cocker and "Derwent winding among grassy holms," where the ruins of a Norman castle look down upon the quiet streets. To this castle, built by Waldeof, Baron of Allerdale, came in 1568, Mary Queen of Scots, taking refuge after her disastrous defeat at Langside. Little did the unhappy Queen guess, as she looked out at the pleasant country from what was virtually her prison, that not many hundred yards away was to be born, two hundred years later, the poet who should write of her ill-fated landing on the shores of Cumberland:

> "She smiled, but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
> Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
> With step prelusive to a long array
> Of woes and degradations hand in hand."

It was at Grasmere, just over the county border in Westmorland, that Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy settled down when he returned from the Continent in 1799; and in the following year their friend Coleridge came with his family to a house near Keswick, within reach of them. Greta Hall, then newly-built—the plastering, we learn from Coleridge's letters, was not finished when he took up residence there—is a roomy house commanding a view both of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. "The room in which I write," runs one of Coleridge's letters, "commands six distinct landscapes—the two lakes, the vale, the river, and mountains and mists, and clouds and sunshine making endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were for ever talking to each other." To visit the Coleridges in this retreat came many famous friends—Thomas De Quincey, Samuel Rogers the poet, Charles Lamb, that true-bred Londoner, with his sister Mary, admiring, "falling in love" with the Cumbrian mountains, yet, it appears from the letter printed in this anthology,

not altogether sorry to return to his beloved Fleet Street. "After all, I could not *live* on Skiddaw."[1]

In 1803 Southey and his wife came to share Greta Hall with the Coleridges. The restless Coleridge did not remain for long settled there, but Southey stayed until his death in 1843, and lies buried in the ancient church of St. Kentigern, Crosthwaite. It was in this church that the boy Ruskin, travelling with his father through the Lake Country, caught a glimpse of Southey, which he has recorded in juvenile verse:

> "His hair was no colour at all, by the way,
> But half of 't was black, slightly scattered with grey,
> His eyes were as black as a coal, but in turning
> They flashed, ay, as much as that coal does in burning!" [2]

On Chestnut Hill, near Keswick, stands the cottage to which Shelley and his young wife Harriet Westbrook came on their honeymoon. "The country here is awfully beautiful," wrote Shelley, "but the object most interesting to my feelings is Southey's habitation." He was soon a guest at Greta Hall; but Shelley's eager admiration of the elder poet did not long survive the meeting. The middle-aged advocate of law and order and the fiery young revolutionary that was Shelley had little in common. One can detect the very tone of chafing youth in Shelley's letter to William Godwin, written but a few weeks after his much-looked-forward-to meeting with the bard of Greta Hall: "Southey . . . is now the paid champion of every abuse and absurdity. I have had much conversation with him. He says 'you will think as I do when you are as old'." Poor Shelley, who was never to grow old!

Another poet destined to die tragically young visited Cumberland a little later, when in 1818 John Keats

[1] Charles Lamb: Letter to Thomas Manning, 24th Sept., 1802.
[2] Ruskin: "The Iteriad."

came on a walking-tour into Scotland with his brother. He has left us a description of his climb up Skiddaw before breakfast, and an amusing note of a dancing-school at Ireby, into which he strayed on his travels.

Cumberland has been little used as a background to novels and romances, it seems. Sir Walter Scott laid part of the scene of "Guy Mannering" at Gilsland, in the north-east of the county. And it was at Gilsland, according to Scott's biographer, Lockhart, that the great novelist first met his future wife, the daughter of a French refugee.

At Wigton was born in 1795 the author of that most famous of hunting-songs, "John Peel." John Peel was an actual huntsman, who died in 1854 at the age of seventy-eight, and a friend of John Woodcock Graves, who has made his name immortal. Graves left John Peel and Scratchmere Scar to seek his fortune in Tasmania, after the failure of some woollen mills at Caldbeck in which he had an interest. So far as can be ascertained, he never returned to "bonnie auld Cummerland."

During the first half-year of the last century the giants among the English poets wrote much upon the English Lake Country, but since that time, the country having been "discovered" has attracted less literary attention. I must however offer my sincere thanks to the Hon[ble.] Stephen Coleridge for permission to include some selections from the 'Anima Poetae,' of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; to Mr. A. G. Gardiner for his description of Lakeland at the New Year; to Messrs. Jackson, Wylie & Co. for their permission to use a contribution by Canon H. D. Rawnsley; and to Messrs. Macmillan for allowing me to include F. W. H. Myers' article on 'The Dalesman of Cumberland.'

WALTER JERROLD.

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# CUMBERLAND

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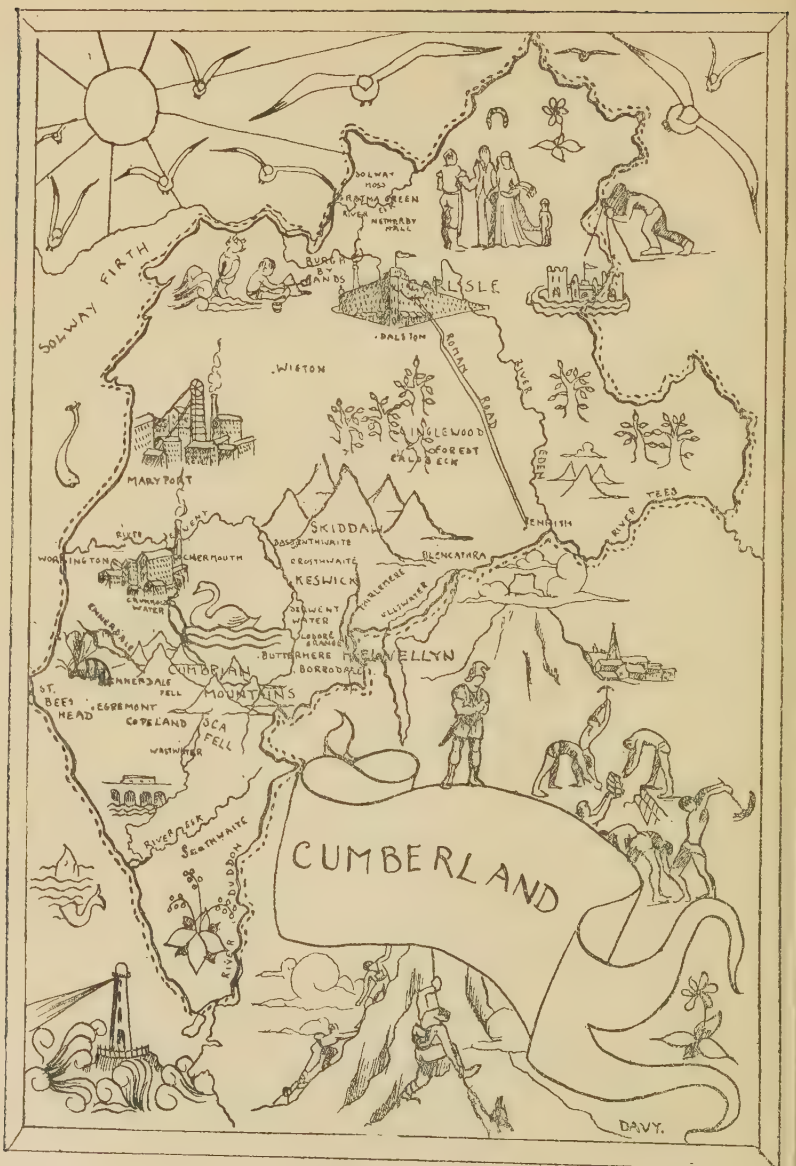
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## *The Land of the Cymri*

WESTWARD, Northward from Westmorland lieth Cvmberland, the utmost region this way of the realme of England, as that which on the north side boundeth upon Scotland: on the south side and the west the Irish Sea beateth upon it, and eastward above Westmorland it butteth upon Northumberland. It tooke the name of the inhabitants, who were the true and naturall Britans, and called themselves in their owne language, Kumbri and Kambri. For, the histories testifie, that the Britans remained here a long time, maugree the English Saxons, howsoever they fretted and stormed thereat: yea and Marianus himself recorded as much, who termed this country Cumbrorum terram, that is, The land of the Cumbri, or Britans: to say nothing of the places that everywhere here, beare British names, as Caer-Luel, Caer-dronoc, Pen-rith, Pen-rodoc, &c. Which most evidently declare the same, and as clearly prove mine assertion.

The country, although it be somewhat with the coldest, as lying farre north, and seemeth as rough by reason of hilles, yet for the variety thereof it smileth upon the beholders, and giveth contentment to as many as travail it. For, after the rocks bunching out, the mountains standing thicke together, rich of metal

mines, and betweene them great meetes stored with all kindes of wild foule, you come to prety hilles good for pasturage and well replenished with flocks of sheepe; beneath which againe you meet with goodly plaines spreading out a great way, yielding corne sufficiently. Besides all this the ocean driving and dashing upon the shore affordeth plenty of excellent good fish, and upbraideth, as it were, the inhabitants there abouts, with their negligence, for that they practice fishing no more than they doe.

The south part of this shire is called Copeland, and Coupland, for that it beareth up the head aloft, with sharp-edged and pointed hilles, which the Britans tearm copa: or as others would have it, named Copeland, as one would say Coperland, of rich mines of copper therein.

. . . . .

Now the shore treandeth out more, and more, and encloseth westward, where it maketh a little promontory, which the common sort for Saint Bega, call Saint Bees. . . . Scarce a mile hence standeth Egremont Castle on the top of a hill, the seat in times past of William de Meschines. . . . From hence the shore, drawing itself back by little and little, and as it appeareth by the heapes of rubbish it hath beene fortified all along by the Romans, wheresoever there was easy landing. For it was the outmost bound of the Roman Empire, and the Scots lay sorest upon this coast and infested it most, when they flowed and flocked hither by heapes out of Ireland. . . . After this the river Derwent, which having his first beginning in Borrowdale, a valley hemmed in with crooked hills creepeth betwene the mountains called Derwent Fels . . . and after it hath passed through these hilles spreadeth abroad into a large lake, Bede termed

it *prægrande stagnum*, that is, *a very great pool:* wherein are three islands eminent above the water. . . . On the very skirt of this botome, in a pleasant soil compassed about with dewy hills, and fenced on the north side with that high mountain Skiddaw, lieth Keswick, a little town, which is at this day much inhabited by mineral men who have here their smelting house by Derwent side. . . .

As for that mountain Skiddaw aforesaid, it riseth up to such an height with two heads like unto Parnassus, and with a kind of emulation beholdeth Scruffel hill before it in Anandale within Scotland, that from these two mountaines, according as the misty clouds arise or fall, the people thereby dwelling make their prognostication of the change of weather.

From hence Derwent sometimes within a narrow chanell, otherwhiles with a broader streame speedeth him very fast northward, to entertaine Cocker, which when they meete, doe encompasse, almost round about, Cockermouth a mercate[1] towne of good welth, and a castle of the Earls of Northumberland. Afterwards Derwent, having gathered his waters into one stream, entreth into the ocean at Wirkinton, a place famous for the taking of salmon.

When the shore hath passed on right forward a little way from hence, it bendeth so backe againe with an arme of the sea retiring inward, that it may seem to bee that Moricambe, which Ptolomee setteth heere: the nature of the place and the name doth so just agree. For a crooked creeke it is of salt water, and Moricambe in the British tongue signifieth a crooked sea. Hard by this David the first King of Scots built the Abbey de Vlmo, commonly called Holme Cultrain. . . . Beneath this Abbey, the brooke called Waver runneth into the said arme of the sea, which brooke taketh

[1] mercate = trading.

into it the riveret Wiza, at the head whereof lie the very bones and pitiful reliques of an ancient citie, the neighbours call it at this day Old Carlile.

## MICHAEL DRAYTON
(1563-1631)

### *From the Poly-Olbion*

#### *In Praise of Cumberland.*

*Copeland speaks:*

"Ye northern Dryads, all adorned with mountains steep,
Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth keep,
Where often rising hills deep dales and many make,
Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-spread lake
Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names bestow
Upon those humble vales, through which they eas'ly flow;
Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do frequent
The fountains, fields and groves, with wondrous merriment,
By moonshine many a night, do give each other chase,
At hood-wink, barley-break, at tick, or prison-base,
With tricks, and antique toys, that one another mock,
That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock to rock,
Then, *Copeland*, of this tract a corner, I would know
What place can there be found in Britain, that doth show
A Surface more austere, more stern from every way
That who doth it behold, he cannot choose but say,
'Th' aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty dales,
From clouds scarce ever cleared, with the strong'st northern gales,
Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there doth lie,
The island's general want whose plenty might supply.'

Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,
I Copper-land was called, but some will have't to be
From the old Britons brought, for Cop they use to call
The tops of many hills, which I am stored withal.
Then Eskdale, mine ally, and Niterdale so named,
Of floods from you that flow, as Borrowdale most famed,
With Wastdale wallèd in, with hills on every side,
Hows'ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,
For th' surface of a soil 'A Copeland, Copeland,' cry
Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply."
Which Copeland scarce had spoke, but quickly every hill
Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring valleys fill;
Helvellyn from his height, it through the mountains threw,
From whom as soon again, the sound Dunmailraise drew,
From whose stone-trophied head, it on to Wendross went,
Which tow'rds the sea again, resounded it to Dent
That Broadwater therewith within her banks astound,
In sailing to the sea, told it to Egremound,
Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old Copeland for her song.
Whence soon the Muse proceeds, to find out fresher springs,
Where Derwent her clear fount from Borrowdale that brings,
Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake,
And with Thirl's mighty mere, between them two do make
An island, which the name from Derwent doth derive,
Within whose secret breast nice Nature doth contrive
That mighty copper mine, which not without its veins,
Of gold and silver found, it happily obtains

Of royalty the name, the richest of them all
That Britain bringeth forth, which royal she doth call.
Of Borrowdale her dam, of her own namèd isle,
As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,
Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth win
Clear Cocker, her compeer, which at her coming in,
Gives Cocker-mouth the name, by standing at her fall,
Into fair Derwent's banks, when Derwent there withal,
Runs on her wat'ry race, and for a greater fame,
Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.
When of the Cumbrian hills, proud *Skiddaw* that doth show
The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but low,
Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how it fared,
And all their several tales substantially had heard,
And of the mountain kind, as of all others he
Most like Parnassus-self that is supposed to be,
Having a double head, as hath that sacred mount,
Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high account,
Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,
When to them all he thus his beauties doth display:

*Skiddaw speaks:*

"The rough Hibernian sea I proudly overlook,
Amongst the scattered rocks, and there is not a nook,
But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,
At very sight thereof, immediately I make
Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,
And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear;
Great Furness' mighty Fells I on my south survey;
So likewise on the north, Albania makes me way,
Her countries to behold, when Scurfel from the sky,
That Anandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye,
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,

Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'ning him:
So likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,
Which we our English Alps may very aptly call,
That Scotland here with us, and England do divide,
As those, whence we them name, upon the other side,
Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of ours,
That look far off like clouds, shaped with embattled towers,
Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
Clear Derwent dancing on, I look at from above,
As some enamoured youth, being deeply struck in love,
His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes;
Who as she to her fall, through fells and valleys floats,
Oft lifts her limber self above her banks to view,
How my brave bi-cleft top, doth still her course pursue.
O all ye topic gods, that do inhabit here,
To whom the Romans did those ancient altars rear,
Oft found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils
Which they for trophies left of their victorious spoils,
Ye Genii of these floods, these mountains and these dales,
That with poor shepherds' pipes and harmless herdsmen's tales
Have often pleasèd been, still guard me day and night,
And hold me Skiddaw still, the place of your delight."

## OLD BALLADS

### *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly*

MERRY it was in the green forest
Among the leavès green,
Whereas men hunt east and west,
With bows and arrows keen,

To raise the deer out of their den
  Such sights have oft been seen,
As by three yeomen of the north country,
  By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight Adam Bell,
  The other Clym of the Clough,
The third was William of Cloudesly,
  An archer good enough.

They were outlawed for venison,
  These yeomen everyone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
  To English-wood[1] for to gone.

Now lith[2] and listen, gentlemen,
  That of mirths loveth to hear:
Two of them were single men,
  The third had a wedded fere.[3]

William was the wedded man,
  Much more then was his care:
He said to his brethren upon a day,
  To Carlisle he would fare,

For to speak with fair Alice his wife,
  And with his children three,
" By my troth," said Adam Bell,
  " Not by the counsel of me.

" For if ye go to Carlisle, brother,
  And from this wild wood wend,
If the justice may you take,
  Your life were at an end."

[1] Inglewood, near Carlisle.
[2] Hark
[3] Mate.

" If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By prime[1] to you again,
Trust you then that I am taken
Or else that I am slain."

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carlisle he is gone;
There he knocked at his own window
Shortly and anon.

" Where be you, fair Alice," he said,
" My wife and children three?
Lightly let in thine own husband,
William of Cloudesly."

" Alas! " then said fair Alice
And sighèd wondrous sore,
" This place hath been beset for you,
This half year and more."

" Now I am here," said Cloudesly,
" I would that in I were:
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make good cheer."

She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded wife,
And pleasèd him with that she had,
Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an old wife in that place,
A little beside the fire,
Which William had found of charity,
More than seven year.

[1] Six o'clock in the morning.

Up she rose and forth she goes,
  Evil might she speed therefore,
For she had set no foot on ground
  In seven year before.

She went unto the justice-hall,
  As fast as she could hie:
" This night," she said, " is come to town
  William of Cloudesly."

Thereof the justice was full fain,
  And so was the sheriff also;
" Thou shalt not travail hither, dame, for nought,
  Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go."

They gave to her a right good gown
  Of scarlet, and of graine:
She took the gift and she went home
  And couched her down again.

They roused the town of merry Carlisle
  In all the haste they can,
And came thronging to William's house,
  As fast as they might gone.

There they beset that good yeoman,
  Round about on every side,
William heard great noise of folks,
  That hitherward fast hied.

Alice opened a back window
  And lookèd all about,
She was ware of the justice and sheriff both,
  With a full great rout.

" Alas! treason," cried Alice,
" Ever woe may thou be!
Go into my chamber, husband," she said,
" Sweet William of Cloudesly."

He took his sword and his buckler,
His bow and his children three,
And went into his strongest chamber,
Where he thought the surest to be.

Fair Alice, like a lover true,
Took a poll-axe in her hand:
Said: " He shall die that cometh in
This door while I may stand."

Cloudesly bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty tree,
He smote the justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.

" A curse on his heart," said William,
" This day thy coat did on;
If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone."

" Yield thee, Cloudesly," said the justice
" And thy bows and arrows thee fro."
" A curse on his heart," said fair Alice,
" That my husband counselleth so."

" Set fire on the house," said the sheriff,
" Sith it will no better be,
And burn we therein William," he said,
" His wife and children three."

They fired the house in many a place.
The fire flew up on high;
" Alas! " then cried fair Alice
" I see we shall have to die."

William opened a back window,
That was in the chamber high,
And there with sheets he did let down
His wife and children three.

" Have here my treasure," said William,
" My wife and my children three,
For Christ his love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me."

William shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all ago,
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bowstring brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good William of Cloudesly;
Then was he a woeful man, and said,
" This is a coward's death to me.

" Liefer had I," said William
" With my sword in the rout to run,
Than here among my enemies wode[1]
Thus cruelly to burn."

He took his sword and his buckler,
And among them all he ran;
Where the people were most in press,
He smote down many a man.

[1] Savage.

There might no man abide his stroke,
So fiercely on them he ran;
Then they threw windows and doors on him,
And so took that good yeoman.

There they him bound both head and foot,
And in deep dungeon him cast;
" Now Cloudesly," said the justice,
" Thou shalt be hanged in haste."

" A pair of new gallows," said the sheriff,
" Now shall I for thee make;
And the gates of Carlisle shall be shut:
No man shall come in thereat.

" Then shall not help Clym of the Clough,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand more,
Nor all the devils in hell."

Early in the morning the justice uprose,
To the gates first 'gan he gone,
And commanded to be shut full close
Lightly every one.

Then went he to the market place,
As fast as he could hie;
A pair of new gallows there he set up
Beside the pillory.

A little boy among them asked,
" What meaneth that gallows-tree? "
They said " to hang a good yeoman,
William of Cloudesly."

That little boy was the town swine-herd,
And kept fair Alice's swine;
Oft he had seen William in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the wood did gone;
There met he with those wighty yeomen
Shortly and anon.

"Alas!" then said that little boy,
"Ye tarry here all too long;
Cloudesly is taken and 'demned to death,
All ready for to hang."

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we see this day!
He had better with us have tarried,
So oft as we did him pray.

"He might have dwelt in green forest,
Under the shadows green,
And have kept both him and us in rest,
Out of trouble and teen."[1]

And when they came to merry Carlisle,
All in the morning tide,
They found the gates shut them untill
About on every side.

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wondrous fast,
We may not come therein."

[1] Sorrow.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
" With a will we will us in bring;
Let us say we be messengers
Straight come now from our king."

Adam said, " I have a letter written,
Now let us wisely work,
We will say we have the king his seal;
I hold the porter no clerk."

Then Adam Bell beat on the gate,
With strokes great and strong;
The porter marvelled who was thereat,
And to the gate he throng.

" Who is there now," said the porter,
" That maketh all this knocking? "
" We be two messengers," quoth Clym of the Clough,
" Be right come from our king."

" We have a letter," said Adam Bell,
" To the justice we must it bring;
Let us in, our message to do,
That we were again to the king."

" Here cometh none in," said the porter,
" By Him that died on a tree,
Till a false thief be hanged up,
Called William of Cloudesly."

Then spake the good yeoman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary free
" And if that we stand long without,
Like a thief hanged thou shalt be.

" Lo! here we have the king his seal;
What, lurden,[1] art thou wode?"[2]
The porter weened it had been so,
And lightly did off his hood.

" Welcome be my lord's seal," he said;
" For that ye shall come in."
He opened the gate full shortly,
An evil opening for him.

" Now are we in," said Adam Bell,
" Whereof we are full fain,
But Christ He knows, that harrowed hell,
How we shall come out again."

" Had we the keys," said Clym of the Clough,
" Right well then we should speed;
Then might we come out well enough
When we see time and need."

They called the porter to council,
And wrang his neck in two,
And cast him in a deep dungeon,
And took his keys him fro.

" Now am I porter," said Adam Bell,
" See, brother, the keys are here;
The worst porter to merry Carlisle,
That ye had this hundred year.

" And now will we our bowès bend,
Into the town will we go,
For to deliver our dear brother,
That lyeth in care and woe."

[1] Idle fellow. [2] Mad.

Then they bent their good yew bowes,
And looked their strings were round;
The market place in merry Carlisle
They beset in that stound.[1]

They loosed their arrows both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hit the justice, the other the sheriff,
That both their sides 'gan bleed.

All men voided, that them stood nigh,
When the justice fell to the ground,
And the sheriff nigh him by,
Either had his death's wound.

All the citizens fast 'gan fly,
They durst no longer abide;
There lightly they loosed Cloudesly,
Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start to an officer of the town,
His axe out of his hand he wrung,
On each side he smote them down,
He thought he tarried too long.

William said to his brethren two,
" This day let us live and de;
If ever you have need as I have now,
The same shall you find by me."

They shot so well in that tide,
For their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the streets on every side:
That battle did long endure.

[1] Time.

They fought together as brethren true,
  Like hardy men and bold;
Many a man to the ground they threw,
  And many a heart made cold.

But when their arrows were all gone,
  Men pressed to them full fast;
They drew their swordes then anon,
  And their bows from them cast.

They went lightly on their way,
  With swords and bucklers round;
By that it was mid of the day
  They had made many a wound.

There was many an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
  And the bells backward did ring;
Many a woman said alas!
  And many their hands did wring.

The mayor of Carlisle forth was come,
  With him a full great rout;
These yeomen dreaded him full sore,
  Of their lives they stood in great doubt.

The mayor came armed a full great pace,
  With a poll-axe in his hand;
Many a strong man with him was
  There in that stour[1] to stand.

That mayor smote at Cloudesly with his bill,
  His buckler he burst in two;
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
  "Alas! treason," they cried for woe.
"Keep we the gates fast," they bade,
  "That these traitors thereout not go."

[1] Press of fight.

But all for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three that so manfully fought
Were gotten without at a braide.[1]

" Have here your keys," said Adam Bell,
" Mine office I here forsake;
If you do by my counsel,
A new porter do you make."

He threw their keys at their heads,
And bade them evil to thrive;
And all that letteth[2] any good yeoman
To come and comfort his wife.

Thus be these good yeomen gone to the wood,
And lightly as leaf on lind;[3]
They laugh and be merry in their mood,
Their enemies were far behind.

## KINMONT WILLIE

WILLIE had ridden and Willie had reived,
Willie had burned and Willie had thieved;
Lord Scroope he marched wi' rank and file
Poor Kinmont Willie to auld Carlisle,
For Willie had mounted many a stile,
But now he is chained in auld Carlisle.

The news soon over the border ran;
Buccleuch petitioned to save the man:
England's Queen wad gie Willie his due,
" Then mount and away," said bold Buccleuch.
For Willie had mounted many a stile,
But now he is chained in auld Carlisle.

[1] A sudden spring. [2] Prevents. [3] Linden-tree.

The neet was dark and the Eden strang
As o'er the Stanwix they filed alang;
At the head of his horse he forded through,
" Let us storm the castle," said brave Buccleuch.
For Willie had mounted many a stile
But now he is chained in auld Carlisle.

While loudly the bells of Carlisle rang,
A thousand men to their armour sprang;
They drew their swords to the joul of the bell,
But the castle was taken before they could tell.
Wi' the stroke of a sword instead of a file
They ransomed Willie in auld Carlisle.

'Twas horse and away with bold Buccleuch,
As he rode in the van of his border crew;
" You may tell your Virgin Queen," he cried,
" That Scotland's rights were never defied."
Wi' the stroke of a sword instead of a file
He ransomed Willie in auld Carlisle.

## GEORGE FOX
(1624-1691)

### *George Fox in Cumberland*

so when I had largely declared the word of life unto them for about three hours, I walked from amongst the people, and they passed away very well satisfied. Among the rest a professor followed me, praising and commending me; but his words were like a thistle to me. At last I turned about and bid him " Fear the Lord ", whereupon priest Larkham of Cockermouth (for several priests were got together on the way who came after the meeting was over) said to me, " Sir,

why do you judge so? You must not judge." But I turned to him and said, " Friend, dost thou not discern an exhortation from a judgment? I admonished him to fear God; and dost thou say I judge him? " So this priest and I, falling into discourse, I manifested him to be amongst the false prophets and covetous hirelings. And several people being moved to speak to him, he and two others of the priests soon got away. When they were gone, John Wilkinson, who was preacher of that parish, and of two other parishes in Cumberland, began to dispute against his own conscience for several hours, till the people generally turned against him; for he thought to have tired me out; but the Lord's power tired him out, and the Lord's truth came over him and them all. Many hundreds were convinced that day, and received the Lord Jesus Christ, and His free teaching, with gladness; of whom some have died in the truth, and many stand faithful witnesses thereof. The soldiers also were convinced, and their wives, and continued with me till First-day.

On First-day I went to the steeple-house at Cockermouth, where priest Larkham lived. When he had done, I began to speak, and the people began to be rude; but the soldiers told them we had broken no law, and they became quiet. Then I turned to the priest, and laid him open among the false prophets and hirelings; at which word the priest went his way and said, " He calls me hireling," which was true enough; all the people knew it. Then some of the great men of the town came to me and said, " Sir, we have no learned men to dispute with you." I told them I came not to dispute, but to show the way of salvation to them, the way of everlasting life. I declared largely the way of life and truth, and directed them to Christ their teacher, who died for them, and bought them with His blood.

When I had done I went about two miles to another great steeple-house of John Wilkinson's, called Brigham: where the people, having been at the other meeting, were mightily affected, and would have put my horse into the steeple-house yard; but I said, "No, the priest claims that; take him to an inn." When I came into the steeple-house yard, I saw the people coming in great companies, as to a fair; and abundance were already gathered in the lanes, and about the steeple-house. I was very thirsty and walked about a quarter of a mile to a brook, where I got some water and refreshed myself.

## DANIEL DEFOE
(1661-1731)

### *Riches Underground*

UNDER this shore, the navigation being secured by this Cape of St. Bees, is the town of Whitehaven, grown up from a small place to be very considerable by the coal trade, which is increased so considerably of late, that it is now the most eminent port in England for shipping off coals, except Newcastle and Sunderland, and even beyond the last, for they wholly supply the city of Dublin, and all the towns of Ireland on that coast; and 'tis frequent in time of war, or upon the ordinary occasion of cross winds, to have two hundred sail of ships at a time go from this place for Dublin, loaden with coals.

They have of late fallen into some merchandizing also, occasioned by the great number of their shipping, and there are now some considerable merchants; but the town is yet young in trade, and that trade is so far from being ancient, that Mr. Camden does not so

much as name the place, and his continuator says very little of it.

About ten miles from Whitehaven north-east, lies Cockermouth, upon the little river Cocker, just where it falls into the Derwent. This Derwent is famous for its springing out of those hills, call'd Derwent Fells, where the ancient copper mines were found in Queen Elizabeth's time, and in which, it was said, there was a large quantity of gold. But they are discontinued since that time, for what reason, I know not; for there are several copper mines now working in this county, and which, as they told me, turn to very good account.

Some tell us, the copper mines on Derwent Fells were discontinued, because there being gold found among the ore, the Queen claimed the royalty, and so nobody would work them; which seems to be a reason why they should have been applied to the search with more vigour; but be that how it will, they are left off, and the more probable account is, what a gentleman of Penrith gave us, namely, that the charge of working them was too great for the profits.

There are still mines of black lead found, which turn to very good account, being, for ought I have yet learned, the only place in Britain where it is to be had.

## JOHN DALTON
(1709-1763)

### *Sweet Keswick's Vale*

TO nature's pride,
Sweet Keswick's vale, the muse will guide.
The muse who trod th' enchanted ground,
Who sailed the wondrous lake around,

With you will haste once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrowdale.
  From savage parent gentle stream!
Be thou the muses's favourite theme:
O soft insinuating glide
Silent along the meadows' side,
Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass
Resplendent all through fluid glass,
Unless upon thy yielding breast
Their painted head the lilies rest,
To where in deep capacious bed
The widely liquid lake is spread.
  Let other streams rejoice to roar
Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore,
Rush raving on with boisterous sweep,
And foaming rend the frighted deep,
Thy gentle genius shrinks away
From such a rude unequal fray;
Through thine own native dell, where rise
Tremendous rocks amid the skies,
The waves with patience slowly wind,
Till they the smoothest channel find,
Soften the horrors of the scene,
And through confusion flow serene.
  Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm
And raise to noblest thought the mind:
Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclined,
The craggy cliff, impendent wood,
Whose shadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds, which solemn sail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale,
O'er the capped hill, and darkened vale;
The ravening kite and bird of Jove,
Which round the aerial ocean rove,
And, floating on the billowy sky,

With full expanded pennons fly,
Their fluttering or their bleating prey
Thence with death-dooming eye survey;
Channels by rocky torrents torn
Rocks to the lake in thunder borne,
Or such as o'er our heads appear
Suspended in their mid career,
To start again at his command,
Who rules fire, water, air and land,
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleasing, though an awful, sight:
For, seen with them, the verdant isles
Soften with more delicious smiles,
More tempting twine their op'ning bowers,
More lively glow the purple flowers,
More smoothly slopes the border gay
In fairer circle bends the bay,
And last to fix our wand'ring eyes,
Thy roofs, O Keswick, brighter rise
The lake and lofty hills between,
Where giant Skiddaw shuts the scene.

## JOSIAH RELPH
(1712-1743)

### 1. *Harvest, or, The Bashful Shepherd*
(In the Cumberland Dialect)

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove;
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagged far behind,
Nor seemed the weight of falling showers to mind;
A distant, solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclosed the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my out-side heat,
Thur callar[1] blasts may wear the boilen sweat:
But my het bluid, my heart aw' in a bruil,
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace)
'A first I gat a gliff[2] o' Betty's feace:
Blyth on this trod[3] the smurker[4] tripped, and theer
At the deail-head unluckily we shear:
Heedless I glim'd, nor could my een command,
'Till gash the sickle sent into my hand:
Down hell'd the bluid; the shearers aw' brast out
In sweels of laughter; Betty luiked about;
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace:
What could I de in such a dispert kease?

Away I sleenged, to grandy meade my mean,
My grandy (God be wud her, now she's geane)
Skilfu' the gushen bluid wi' cockwebs staid;
Then on the sair an healen plaister laid;
The healen plaister eased the painful sair,
The scar indeed remains, but neathing mair.

Not sae the other wound, that inward smart,
My grandy could not cure a bleedin heart;
I've worn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworced to bear,
'Less Betty will a kind physician pruive;
For nin but she has skill to medicine luive.

But how should honest Betty give relief?
Betty's a parfet stranger to my grief:
Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain;
Oft I've resolved indeed,—but all in vain:
A springin blush spread fast owr aither cheek,
Down Robin luiked, and deuce a word could speak.

[1] Cool.
[2] Glimpse.
[3] Path.
[4] Smiling one.

Can I forget that neet? (I never can)
When on the clean sweeped hearth the spinnels[1] ran.
The lasses drew their line wi busy speed;
The lads as busy, minded every thread.
When sad! the line sae slender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread, and down the spinnel flew,
To me it meade—the lads began to glop[2]—
What could I de? I mud, mud take it up;
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reached it back without the sweet reward.

O lastin stain, even yet it's eith[3] to trace,
A guilty conscience in my blushen feace:
I fain wad weesh it out, but never can;
Still fair it bides, like bluid of sackless[4] man.

Naught sae was Wully bashfu'—Wully spy'd
A par of scissors at the lass's side;
Thar lowsed,[5] he fleely drop'd the spinnel down—
And what said Betty?—Betty struive to frown;
Up flew her hand to souse the cowren lad,
But ah! I thought it fell not down owr sad:
What followed I think mickle to repeat,
My teeth aw' wattered then, and watter yet.

E'en weel is he 'at ever he was bworn!
He's free frae aw' this bitterment and scworn.
What mun I still be fash'd wi' straglen-sheep,
Wi' far fetched sighs, and things I said a-sleep;
Still shamfully left snafflen[6] by my sell,
And still, still dogg'd wi' the damn'd neame o' *mell?*

[1] Spindles.
[2] Gape.
[3] Easy.
[4] Innocent.
[5] Untied.
[6] Idle.

Whare's now the pith (this luive! the deuce ga' wi't!)
The pith I shew'd whene'er we struive to beat;
When a lang lwoning through the cworn I meade,
And bustlin far behind the lave survey'd.

Dear heart! that pith is geane, and comes nae mair,
'Till Betty's kindness sall the loss repair;
And she's net like (how sud she?) to be kind,
'Till I have freely spoken out my mind,
'Till I have learnt to feace the maiden clean,
Oil'd my slow tongue, and edg'd my sheepish een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—sham[1] sawt;
Something o' compliments, I think they caw't:
'At makes a clownish lad a clever spark,
O hed I this! this buik wad de my wark;
And I's resolved to hav't, whatever't cost;
My flute—for what's my flute if Betty's lost?
But if sae bonny a lass but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait[2] beside.

Farewell my flute then yet or Carlisle fair;
When to the stationer's I'll straight repair,
And bauldly for thur compliments enquear;
Care I a fardin, let the 'prentice jeer.

That dune, a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write,
A letter 'at sall tell her aw' I feel
And aw' my wants without a blush reveal.

But now the clouds brek off, and sineways run;
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun,
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry,
The lads are gaen to shear[3]—and sae mun I.

[1] The devil. [2] Seek. [3] Reap.

## JOSIAH RELPH

### 2. *Bonny Smurkin'*[1] *Sally*

O WHAT a deal of beauties rare,
Leeve down in Caldew valley;
Yet theer's not yen that can compare
Wi' bonny smurkin' Sally.

O fortune's great, my dad oft tells,
But I cry shally-wally:
I mind nae fortune, nor ought else,
My heart's sae set on Sally.

Let others round the table sit
At fairs, and drink and rally;
While to a corner snug I git,
And kiss and lark wi' Sally.

Some lads court fearful hard, yet still
Put off and drive and dally;
The priest neest Sunday—if she will—
May publish me and Sally.

O how my heart wad loup for joy,
To lead her up the alley;
And with what courage cou'd I cry—
I tak thee bonny Sally.

Now, sud not we a bargain strike?
I's seer our tempers tally;
For deuce a thing can e'er I like
But just what likes my Sally.

[1] Smiling.

I's sick, and know not what to do;
And nevermore may rally!
What signify sec things a flea?
O, send off-hand for Sally.

## JOHN BROWN
(1715-1766)

### *1. The Vale of Keswick*

IN my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated, and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye, in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the

lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence; while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic, as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or cliffs, through which at hand, you see rich and cultivated vales, and beyond these at various distances, mountain rising over mountain, among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity:

> Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
> And pictures things unseen.

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you, that the full perfection of Keswick, consists of three circumstances, *beauty*, *horror*, and *immensity* united; the second of which is alone found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little: nature having left it almost a desert: neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills admit magnificence. But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls;

while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its *varying* or *accidental* beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospects: the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, and the other the eastern side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate: the natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing; the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills: at others you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns, like a peal of thunder: then too the clouds are seen in vast bodies, sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the

tumult and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror; and the landscape in all its beauty, islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains are seen inverted and floating on its surface.

I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself, where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet, where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool amidst the vast immeasurable objects that surround it; for here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you had already seen; and rising behind each other in successive ranges, and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains.

Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more, which is, that a walk by still moonlight (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, opens a scene of such delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceeds all description.

## JOHN BROWN

### 2. *The Same Scene by Moonlight*

NOW sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and night
Rode in her zenith; not a passing breeze
Sighed to the grove, which in the midnight air
Stood motionless, and in the peaceful floods
Inverted hung: for now the billow slept
Along the shore, nor heaved the deep, but spread
A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,

Which, dim and waning, o'er the shadowy cliffs,
The solemn woods and spiry mountain tops,
Her glimmering faintness threw: now every eye,
Oppressed with toil, was drowned in deep repose;
Save that the unseen shepherd in his watch,
Propped on his crook, stood list'ning by the fold,
And gazed the starry vault and pendant moon;
Nor voice nor sound broke on the deep serene,
But the soft murmur of swift-gushing rills,
Forth-issuing from the mountains' distant steep,
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaimed
All things at rest, and imaged the still voice
Of quiet whispering to the ear of night.

## THOMAS GRAY
(1716-1771)

### *1. Round Derwent Water*

MET a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is oat-harvest here) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley. Round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent clear as glass, and showing under its bridge every trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of rock, covered entirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Castle-crag, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left and contracts its dimensions, till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases and their

summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms: among them appears Eagle's Cliff, Dove's Nest, Whitedale Pike, etc., celebrated names in the annals of Keswick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to Seathwaite (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right, that leads to the Waddmines); all farther access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the Fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the dalesmen; but the mountains know well, that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, the reign of Chaos and old Night. Only I learned, that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to Ravenglass and the other to Hawkshead.

For me I went no farther than the farmer's (better than four miles from Keswick) at Grange: his mother and he brought us butter, that Siserah would have jumped at, tho' not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten-cakes, and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man, that last year plundered the eagle's eirie: all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridge, grouse, etc. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of rock, on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and hollowing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other parent, but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland) and they breed near the old place. (Oct. 3, 1769.)

## THOMAS GRAY

### *2. Crow Park at Keswick*

WIND east, clouds and sunshine, and in the course of the day a few drops of rain. Walked to Crow Park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled spot, and Smith judged right when he took his view of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of Borrowdale. I prefer it even to Cockshut Hill, which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon. It is covered with young trees both sown and planted, oak, spruce, scotch-fir etc., all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top and the view far preferable to that on Castle Hill (which you remember) because this is lower and nearer to the lake: for I find all points that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts (which are not large) look poor and diminutive. While I was here a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of Castle Hill. (Oct. 4, 1769.)

## WILLIAM GILPIN

(1724-1804)

### *Solway Moss*

SOLWAY MOSS is a flat area, about seven miles in circumference. The *substance* of it is a gross fluid, composed

of mud and the putrid fibres of heath, diluted by internal springs, which arise in every part. The surface is a dry crust, covered with moss and rushes; offering a fair appearance over an unsound bottom—shaking under the least pressure. Cattle by instinct know, and avoid it. Where rushes grow, the bottom is soundest. The adventurous passenger, therefore, who sometimes, in dry seasons, traverses this perilous waste to save a few miles, picks his cautious way over the rushy tussocks, as they appear before him. If his foot slip, or if he venture to desert this mark of security, it is possible he may nevermore be heard of.

At the battle of Solway, in the time of Henry 8, Oliver Sinclair was imprudently set over the Scotch army, which had no confidence in him. A total rout ensued; when an unfortunate troop of horse, driven by their fears, plunged into this morass, which instantly closed upon them. The tale, which was traditional, was generally believed; but is now authenticated. A man and horse in complete armour were lately found by the peat-diggers, in the place where it was always supposed the affair had happened; and are preserved at the house of a Scotch baronet, if I mistake not, of the name of Maxwell; as we were informed by a gentleman of the borders, who assured us he had seen them himself. The skeleton of each was well preserved; and the different parts of the armour easily distinguished.

Solway Moss is bounded on the south by a cultivated plain, which declines gently, through the space of a mile, to the river Esk. This plain is rather lower than the Moss itself, being separated from it by a breastwork formed by digging peat, which makes an irregular, though perpendicular, line of low, black boundary.

It was the bursting of the Moss through this peat breastwork, over the plain between it and the Esk, which occasioned that dreadful ruin, the effects of which

we came hither to explore. The more remarkable circumstances, relating to this calamitous event, as we had them on the best authority, were these.

On the 16th of November, 1771, in a dark tempestuous night, the inhabitants of the plain were alarmed with a dreadful crash, which they could in no way account for. Many of them were then abroad in the fields, watching their cattle; lest the Esk, which was rising violently in the storm, would carry them off. None of those miserable people could conceive the noise they had heard to proceed from any cause, but the overflowing of the river in some shape, though to them unaccountable. Such, indeed, as lived nearer the source of the eruption, were sensible that the noise came in a different direction; but were equally at a loss for the cause.

In the meantime the enormous mass of fluid substance, moved slowly on, spreading itself more and more, as it got possession of the plain. Some of the inhabitants, through the terror of the night, could plainly discover it advancing, like a moving hill. This was in fact the case; for the gush of mud carried before it, through the first two or three hundred yards of its course, a part of the breastwork; which though low, was yet several feet in perpendicular height. But it soon deposited this solid mass; and became a heavy fluid. One house after another, it spread round—filled—and crushed into ruin; just giving time to the terrified inhabitants to escape. Scarce anything was saved; except their lives: nothing of their furniture: few of their cattle. Some people were even surprised in their beds and had the additional distress of flying naked from the ruin.

The morning-light explained the cause of this amazing scene of horror; and showed the calamity in its full extent: and yet, among all the conjectures of that dreadful night, the mischief which really happened, had never been supposed. Who could have imagined, that

a breastwork which had stood for ages should at length give way? or that those subterranean floods, which had been bedded in darkness since the memory of man, should ever burst from their black abode?

This dreadful inundation, though the first shock of it was the most trememdous, continued still spreading for many weeks, till it covered the whole plain—an area of five hundred acres; and, like molten metal poured into a mould, filled all the hollows of it, lying in some parts thirty or forty feet deep, reducing the whole to one level surface. The overplus found its way into the Esk; where its quantity was such as to annoy the fish; no salmon, during that season venturing into the river. We were assured also, that many lumps of earth, which had floated out at sea, were taken up, some months after, at the Isle of Man.

## RICHARD CUMBERLAND
(1732-1811)

### *An Ode*

SOUL of the world, refulgent sun
Oh take not from my ravished sight
Those golden beams of living light,
Nor, ere thy daily course be run,
  Precipitate the night.
Lo, where the ruffian clouds arise,
Usurp the abdicated skies,
And seize the aetherial throne;
  Sullen-sad the scene appears,
Huge Helvellyn streams with tears,
Hark, tis giant Skiddaw's groan!
I hear terrific Lodore roar;
The Sabbath of thy reign is o'er.

The anarchy's begun;
Father of light, return; break forth, refulgent sun!

What if the rebel blast shall rend
These nodding horrors from the mountain's brow—
Hither thy glad deliverance send,
Ah save the votarist and accept the vow!
And, say, through thy diurnal round,
Where, great spectator, hast thou found
Such solemn soul-inviting shades,
Ghostly dells, religious glades?
Where Penitence may plant its meek abode,
And Hermit Meditation meet its God.

Now by the margin of yond glassy deep
My pensive vigils let me keep;
There, by force of Runic spells,
Shake the grot where Nature dwells;
And in the witching hour of night,
Whilst thy pale sister lends her shadowy light
Summon the naked wood-nymphs to my sight.

Trembling now with giddy tread,
Press the moss on Gowdar's head;
But lo, where sits the bird of Jove,
Couched in his airy far above;
Oh, lend thine eye, thy pinion lend,
Higher, yet higher let me still ascend:
'Tis done; my forehead smites the skies,
To the last summit of the cliff I rise;
I touch the sacred ground,
Where step of man was never found;
I see all Nature's rude domain around.

Peace to thy empire, queen of calm desires,
Health crown thy hills and plenty robe thy vales;
May thy groves wave untouched by wasteful fires,
Nor commerce crowd thy lake with sordid sails!

Press not so fast upon my aching sight
Gigantic shapes, nor rear your heads so high,
As if ye meant to war against the sky,
Sons of old Chaos and primeval Night.
Such were the heights enshrined Bruno trod,
When on the cliff he hung his towering cell,
  Amongst the clouds aspired to dwell,
  And half ascended to his God.
  The prim canal, the level green,
The close-clipt hedge that bounds the flourisht scene,
  What rapture can such forms impart
With all the spruce impertinence of art?

Ye pageant streams, that roll in state
By the vain windows of the great,
Rest on your muddy ooze and see
Old majestic Derwent force
  His independent course,
And learn of him and nature to be free,
  And you, triumphal arches, shrink,
Ye temples, tremble, and ye columns, sink!
  One nod from Wall's craggy brow
  Shall crush the dome
  Of sacerdotal Rome,
And lay her glittering gilded trophies low.

  Now downward as I bend my eye,
  What is that atom I espy,
  That speck in Nature's plan?
  Great Heaven! is that a Man?
And hath that little wretch its cares,
Its freaks, its follies and its airs;
And do I hear the insect say,
" My lakes, my mountains, my domain? "
O weak, contemptible and vain!
  The tenant of a day.

Say to old Skiddaw, " Change thy place,"
Heave Helvellyn from his base,
Or bid impetuous Derwent stand
At the proud waving of a master's hand.

Now with silent step and slow
Descend, but first forbear to blow,
Ye felon winds, lest discord cease,
And Nature feel an elemental peace:
Hush, not a whisper here,
Beware, for Echo on the watch
Sits with erect and listening ear
The secrets of the scene to catch,
Then swelling, as she rolls around,
The hoarse reverberated sound,
With loud repeated shocks
She beats the loose impending rocks,
Tears down the fragment big with death,
And hurls it thundering on the wretch beneath.

Not so the naiad, she defies
The faithless Echo, and with yelling cries
Howls on the summit of rude Lodore's brow;
Then with a desperate leap
Springs from the rocky steep,
And runs enamoured of the lake below.

Ah! where is he that swept the sounding lyre,
And while he touched the master string,
Bade *Ruin seize the ruthless king*
With all a prophet's fire?
Mourn him, ye naiads, and ye wood-nymphs mourn,
But chiefly ye, who rule o'er Keswick's vale,
Your visitor bewail,
And pluck fresh laurels for his hallowed urn;
He saw your scenes in harmony divine,

On him indulgent suns could shine,
Me turbid skies and threatening clouds await,
Emblems, alas! of my ignoble fate.

But see the embattled vapours break,
Disperse and fly,
Posting like couriers down the sky;
The grey rock glitters in the glassy lake;
And now the mountain tops are seen
Frowning amidst the blue serene;
The variegated groves appear,
Decked in the colours of the waning year;
And, as new beauties they unfold,
Dip their skirts in beaming gold.
Thee, savage Wythburn, now I hail;
Delicious Grasmere's calm retreat,
And stately Windermere I greet,
And Keswick's sweet fantastic vale:
But let her naiads yield to thee,
And lowly bend the subject knee,
Imperial lake of Patrick's dale,
For neither Scottish Lomond's pride,
Nor smooth Killarney's silver tide,
Nor aught that learnèd Poussin drew,
Or dashing Rosa flung upon my view,
Shall shake thy sovereign undisturbèd right
Great scene of wonder and sublime delight!

Hail to thy beams, O sun! for this display
What, glorious orb, can I repay?
Not Memnon's costly shrine,
Not the white coursers of imperial Rome,
Nor the rich smoke of Persia's hecatomb;
Such proud oblations are not mine;
Nor thou my simple tribute shall refuse
The thanks of an unprofitable muse:

And may no length of still returning day
Strike from thy forehead one refulgent ray;
But let each tuneful, each attendant sphere
To latest time thy stated labours cheer,
And with new pæans crown the finished year.

## WILLIAM HUTCHINSON
(1732-1814)

### *Derwentwater by Moonlight*

THE romantic scenes upon the lake induced us to take boat at night, under the favour of the moon, which was near at full. We began our voyage soon after the moon was arisen, and had illumined the top of Skiddaw, but, from the intercepting mountains, had not (within the ascent of an hour) reached the lake; we were surrounded with a solemn gloom; the stillness of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous, as they, in all their variety of sounds, were re-echoed from every cliff. The summits of the rocks, when they began to receive the rising rays, appeared as if crowned with turrets of silver, from which the stars departed for their nightly round. As the gloom below grew deeper, objects around us seemed to rise to view, as surging on the first morning from chaos. The water was a plain, studded over with gems reflected from the starry firmament; the groves which hung upon the feet of the mountains were wrapt in darkness, and all below was one grave and majestic circle of Skiddaw,

"Till the moon
Rising in cloudy majesty, at length
A parent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

When the long protracted shades the mountains cast on the bosom of the lake, showed the vastness of those masses from which they proceeded; and still, as the moon arose higher in the horizon, the distant objects began to be more illumined, and the whole presented us with a noble moon-light piece, delicately touched by the hand of nature, and far surpassing those humble scenes which we had often viewed in the works of the Flemish painters.

Mists began to arise on the lake, and by reason of the air which bore them aloft, being confined and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled around, and carried upwards like a column, which, as soon as it approached the rays of the moon, had a most wonderful appearance, and resembled a pillar of light.

The moon's mild beams now glistened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, and the islands, with a meekness of colouring which added to the solemnity of the night, and these noble and romantic objects struck us with reverence, and inspired the mind with pious sentiments and ejaculations. It was observable, that by day, we were incessantly communicating our rapture and surprise on each new wonder that opened to our view;—we now enjoyed them in silence.

Every bay and promontory assumed an appearance different from what it had by daylight; the little dells which wind round the feet of the mountains, as they were shadowed by interposing objects, or silvered by the moon, afforded most enchanting scenes, where we could have wandered long with delight.

Where the lake narrows, and runs up in a creek near Borrowdale, the rocks looked tremendous, almost shutting us from the face of heaven; the cliffs were struck with scanty gleams of light, which gained their passage through the interstices of the hills or chasms

in the rocks, and served only to discover their horrible over-hanging fronts, their mighty caverns, where the water, struck by our oars, made a hollow sound; their deformed and frowning brows, the hanging shrubs with which they were bearded, their sprinkling waterfalls that trilled from shelf to shelf, the whole half seen and half concealed, leaving imagination at large to magnify the images of their grandeur and stupendous magnificence. The opening of the vale of Newlands was particularly beautiful.

## EWAN CLARK
(1734-1811)

### *The Faithful Pair: A Pastoral*

ONE summer evening, when the sun was set,
Young Dick and Dolly by appointment met,
Beneath a hedge they squatted side by side,
When thus Dick spoke, and thus his Doll replied.

*Dick.* Let lwords and ladies press the downy seat
And on fine carpets set their mincin' feet,
I grudge them not their cushions soft—not I,
This ground seems softer when sweet Dolly's by.

*Dolly.* Let other lasses shine in silken gowns,
And fix fause hair upon their cockin' crowns,
See fashions I'll ne'er follow while I's whick,[1]
Long as plain grogram and thur locks please Dick.

*Dick.* Till I kent thee I never kent true bliss,
Never, dear Doll, I swear by this sweet kiss;
To fairs and spworts and merry-neets I've geane,
But like sweet Doll I never yet saw yen.

[1] Quick, i.e. alive.

*Dolly.* Tho' I'm but young—just sweet sixteen, no more—
I might have had sweethearts at least a score;
But nin amang them aw could please my ee
Till Dick I saw: right soon I fancied thee.

*Dick.* Bless Whussen Tuesday! best day in the year—
I, on that day first saw my Dolly dear.
My twae short keakes were war'd weel worth the while,
For Dolly took them—took them with a smile.

*Dolly.* Thar keakes, thar silent keakes, did mair for thee
Than a week's wooing frae some tongues wad dee.
The teane I eat, the other carefu' laid
Beneath my bou'ster; when I went to bed
I turn'd north, south, I turn'd me east and west
And thus I cried ere I crap to my nest:
" May luiky dreams lake round my head this night,
And show my true-luive to my langing sight."
I dream'd—cocksfish! as seer as I'se here whick—
The leeve-lang neet of nought but thee, my Dick;
And when I wokent—keakes have powerfu' charms—
I fand the bed-claes clwose row'd in my arms.

*Dick.* And m'happen thought 'twas me?

*Dolly.* Nay, that I'll keep;
But never lass, seer, had a sweeter sleep.

*Dick.* The case is a clear case; I plainly see
That Dick's ordain'd for Doll and Doll for me.
Why sud we saunter? if my Doll thinks fit,
The nwote this varra mornin' shall be writ,
And gien on Sunday to the parish-clerk.
There ne'er comes luck of dilly-dallying wark.
Why silent, luive? and why that blushing cheek?
I hope 'tis right plain English that I speak.

*Dolly.* Plain as a pike-staff. But what need I say?
I'se ready; and have been this monie a day.

## CATHERINE GILPIN
(1738-1811)

### *News frae the Fleet*

O LASS! I'se fit to brust wi' news!
There's letters frae the fleet;
We've banged the French, aye, out and out
And duin the thing complete:
There was sec showers of shell-grenades,
Bunch'd out wi' shot, like grapes;
And bullets, big as beath our heads,
Chain'd twea and twea wi' reapes.

Our Jwohn was perch'd abuin their heads,
To keep a sharp luik out;
And tell them, gin he kent his-sel,
What they were aw about:
They skimm'd the skin of Jwohnny's cheek,
He niver heeded that,
But rwoared, tho' he was main-mast height,
We'll pay them weel for that!

It was a seet! our Jwohnny says,
A seet nit often seen;
An' all their colours flifty flaff—
Some red, some blue, some green:
The French ranged up in aw their preyde,
Afwore our thunder-brast;
But lang afore it ceas'd to rwoar,
It hardly left a mast.

But we hae paid a fearfu' preyce;
For Nelson is no more!
That soul o' fire has breath'd his last,
Far frae his native shore!
" O waes in me! " our Jwohnny says,
" That I sud hae to tell;
For nit a man aboard the fleet,
But wish'd 't had been his sel."

Our British tars hev kindly hearts,
Tho' you wad hardly ken;
They'll shout, when ships are ganging down,
But try to seave the men;
They'll risk the life that's hardly won,
To bring them to the shore;
And sorrow dashes owre their een
When they can do no more.

## SUSANNA BLAMIRE

(1747-1794)

### 1. *I am of a Temper Fixed as a Decree*

I AM of a temper fixed as a decree,
Resolved with myself to live happy and free;
With the cares of this world I am seldom perplexed,

I am sometimes uneasy, but never quite vexed;
I am neither too high nor too low in degree;
There are more that live worse than live better than me.

My life thus moves on amid freedom and ease,
I go where I will, and I come when I please;
I am placed below envy, and yet above spite;
I've judgment enough still to do myself right:
Some higher, some lower, I own there may be,
But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

When money comes in, pleased I live till 'tis gone,
I am happy when with it, contented with none;
If I spend it 'mong friends, I count it but lent,
It thus goes genteelly—I never repent;
With mirth to my labour the hours sweetly pass,
Though at Saturday night I am just where I was.

## SUSANNA BLAMIRE

### 2. *And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire*

"AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair."
O wha would buy a silken goun
Wi' a poor broken heart!
Or what's to me a siller crown,
Gin frae my love I part!

The mind wha's every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith
I'll lay me doun and dee!

For I hae pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to seek it back—
It would be waur than theft!
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forced to break my troth
I'll lay me doun and dee.

## SUSANNA BLAMIRE

### 3. *Auld Robin Forbes*

AND auld Robin Forbes has gien tem a dance,
I put on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thought o' the day when I was but fifteen,
And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thought is meast queer,
It brings that that's by-past and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat-lappet and deeghted[1] his feace.

The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy could see
In yen that was dark and hard featur'd leyke me;
And they wonder'd ay mair when they talk'd o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that couldn't be it:

[1] Cleaned.

But Willy he laugh'd, and he meade me his wefe
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deykin[1] the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammer'd my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the lave[2] that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thought, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt *eight* was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time or death can divide thee and me!
For the yen spot on earth that's aye dearest to me
Is the turf that has covered my Willy frae me!

## MARK LONSDALE
(1758-1815)

### *Last Martinmas Gone a Year*

LAST Martinmas gone a year,
Odzooks! how pleased was I,
When hiring day was come,
And flails were all flung by;

[1] Hedging. [2] Rest.

Our hearts and heels were light,
  We danced an' we were mad,
Wi' every lad his lass,
  And every lass her lad.

Ay, you'd hae laughed to see,
  'Twas neither heck nor gee,
As the fiddler shog'd his knee
Tee iddle teedump tee dee;
  Wi' a whoop, lads, whoop,
  And hey for bonnie Cumberland!

I'e ne'er forget the time,
  I went to Rosley fair,
Wi' a pair of new soled pumps,
  To dance when I got there;
How I o' th' auld grey nag,
  Was mounted like a king,
And Dick ran on before
  Wi' Hawkie in a string.

Then soon as I'd selt my cow,
  And drunk till I was fou.
Wi' " Neighbour, how's a' wi' "—
  And " Neighbour, how's wi' you? "
Tee iddle tee dump tee dee;
  Wi' a whoop, lads, whoop,
  And hey for bonnie Cumberland!

## ROBERT ANDERSON
(1770-1833)

### 1. *The Impatient Lassie*

DEUCE tek the clock! click-clackin' sae
Still in a body's ear;

It tells and tells the time is past,
When Jwohnnie sud be here:
Deuce tek the wheel! 'twill nit rin roun'—
Nae mair to-neet I'll spin
But count each minute wi' a seegh
Till Jwohnnie he steals in.

How neyce the spumkey fire now burns,
For twea to sit beside!
And there's the seat where Jwohnnie sits,
And I forget to chide!
My fadder, too, he snugly snores;
My mudder's fast asleep;
He promised oft; but oh! I fear
His word he wunnot keep!

What can it be keeps him frae me?
The road is nit so lang,
And sleet and snaw are nought at aw,
If folk were fain to gang!
Some ither lass, wi' bonnier face,
Has caught his wicked e'e,
And I'll be pointed at at kirdk—
Nay! suiner let me dee!

O durst we lasses nobbut gang
And sweetheart them we like,
I'd rin to thee, my Jwohnnie lad,
Nor stop at bog or dyke;
But custom's sec a silly thing,
Men aye mun hae their way,
While mony a bonnie lassie sits
And mourns frae day to day.

But whist! I hear my Jwohnnie's fit—
Ay, that's his varra clog!
He steeks the fa' n[1] yett softly too—
O hang that cwoley dog!

[1] Stokes the fire.

Now, hey for seeghs and sugar'd words,
Wi' kisses nit a few—
O but this warl's a paradise,
When lovers they pruive true!

## ROBERT ANDERSON

### 2. *The Peet-Seller's Lament for his Mare*

MY BONNY, bonny black meer's dead!
The thought's e'en leyke to turn my head!
She lead the peets, and gat me bread;
But what will I din now?
And she was bworn when Jwohn was bworn,
Just nineteen years last Thursday mworn:
Puir heart! had she got locks o' cworn,
She'd be alive I trow!

When young, just leyke a deil she ran;
The cart-gear at Durdar she wan;
That day saw me a happy man—
Now tears gush frae my e'e.
For the meer's geane; and my wife's geane;
And Jwohn's a sodger far frae heame;
Wi brokken spirits!—left my leane!
I've none to comfort me!

When wheyles I mounted on my yad,[1]
I never rode leyke yen stark mad;
We toddled on, and beath were glad
To see our sonsie deame.
Our meer, the neighbours weel she knew;
And aw the dyke-backs where grass grew;
And when she'd panged[2] her belly fou,
How proudly she cam heame!

[1] Mare. [2] Crammed.

Nae pampered beast e'en heeded we;
Nae wind or weet e'er dreaded she;
I never cried, "Wo-ah!" or "Jee!"
She kent—aye ev'ry turn.
And wheyles I gat her teates[1] o' hay,
And gave her watter twice a day:
But now she's dead! I'm wae to say;
Then how can I but mourn?

Frae Tindal-fell twelve peeks she'd bring—
She was a yad fit for a king!
I never struck her, silly thing!
'Twas hard we twea sud part!
I's auld, and feal'd,[2] and ragg'd, and peer;
I cannot raise anither meer;
I cannot live anither year,
The loss will break my heart!

## JOHN STAGG
(1770-1823)

### *A Cumberland Bridewain*

IN shwort to say upon this day,
Frae yae nuik an' anither,
Twea thousand were, frae far an' near,
Assembled here together.
The rwoads were clean, the weather warm,
The lasses a' luik'd preymly,
An' whip for smack, the party pack,
A' aimin' to be teymly
O' th' sod this day.

[1] Trusses. [2] Weak.

Wi' busy care the blushin' breyde
An' maids theirsels are bussin',
Wheyle some wi' pillion seats and sonks
To gear their naigs are fussin'.
Wi' glentin' spurs an' weel clean'd boots,
Lin' sark, an' neyse cword breeches,
The breydegroom roun' the midden-pant
Proud as a peacock stretches,
Reet crouse[1] that day.

Now heevy-skeevy off they set
To the kirk, a merry crew,
Some gravely pac'd up the turnpike rwoad,
Wheyle some leyke leeghtnin' flew;
Ne'er ak, they a' gat there i' teyme,
The priest was ready waitin',
The wed'ners[2] just took gluts[3] a-piece
Wheyle he his buik was laitin',
Frae the kist that day.

His lesson fund an' a' set reet,
To wark they gat wi' speed;
You tak' this woman for your weyfe:
The breydegroom grumph'd "Agreed."
An' you, young woman, promise here
To honour an' obey
Your spouse in a' he may require:
The breyde said, mantan,[4] "N-yea,"
We'll see some day.

Clwose buckl'd now, the parson paid,
Forth frae the kirk they waddle,
An' thick an' threefau', han' owre head,
Each loups out owre his saddle.

[1] Haughty.
[2] Wedding-ers.
[3] Gulps.
[4] Stammering.

The lasses lap up hint their lads,
Some stridlin' an' some seydeways;
An' some there were that wish'd their lot
Had been what Ann's, the breyde, was,
Ay, oft that day.

## SIDNEY GILPIN

### *John Stagg, the Blind Bard*

IN personal appearance Stagg was a tall handsome looking man; and so active and spirited were his general movements that his blindness was scarcely perceptible. In many points of character he reminds us forcibly of Burns. He had the same warm-hearted and generous disposition; the same independent cast of mind; the same fearlessness of consequences, which has been known to return scorn for scorn to possessors of title and wealth. Like Burns, too, he was a jolly rollicking fellow; he loved, he drank, he sang; he prided himself in being a true-born Englishman, and had a most amusing contempt for French frogs, French dancing-masters, and French fiddlers. You discover very clearly what manner of man he was from his writings. You see his figure there before you distinctly outlined, and can fancy him no other than a stout and sturdy Cumbrian; jovial, honest-hearted, and plain-spoken; with a merry laugh that rang through the whole house.

The great charm of Stagg's poems is their naturalness. We speak now of his writings in the dialect. Nothing can be more delightful than the heartiness of expression, the freshness of thought and feeling which pervades every line left us by this blind man, from his master-

piece, *Tom Knott*, downwards. He has produced and sung strains which reflect much of the actual life lived by the peasantry around him. He is at home among the rustic population of Cumberland; but awkward and commonplace whenever he leaves his native dialect and assumes a loftier flight. In his vigorous verses we possess a full gallery of cabinet pictures. We there see country lads and lasses as they struggle in their own daily sphere of life; as they dance, make love, and are merry at weddings, fairs and "Merry-neets." We listen to the village gossips enjoying their crack in homely dialect round the winter fireside; and catch glimpses of the whispered conversation in the cottage home, and the stolen interview at the lonely farm-house where the moon is seen shedding its unwelcome light through the branches of some sturdy oak. Stagg's poems are evidently recollections of his own adventures. He seems to have known all his characters personally. He had a vast acquaintance with the little world in which he lived and moved, though it is probable that he possessed but a small share of book-learning. He did not invent much; the creative faculty was not his; but has described whatever he attempted with graphic power, with wonderful freshness, and fine strokes of the broadest humour. It is astonishing with what force and truth he places the different characters before us; and how quickly dashes off a bit of flat, long-spreading Abbey-holme or Burghmarsh landscape.

Of all our Cumberland writers, Stagg is the best portrait painter. He has not merely drawn one side of the face, to omit a blind eye or any other defect, as Hannibal's painter did; but has always attacked it in full front, and presented us with all its characteristics features and blemishes. Take his *Tom Knott* as an example. That strange mixture of courage, braggadash,

and cowardice, has evidently been painted to the very life from some noted village character.

> Tom Knott, leyke monie mair in life,
> Was pestered with an ill-gien weyfe,
> Frae mworn till neet her mill-clack tongue
> Dirl'd in his lugs; and loudly rung
> The clamour of her squeel-peype throat,
> Tho' aye 'twas tun'd in mischief's note;
> Whate'er he did, whate'er transacted,
> Or whether ill or weel he acted,
> Was a' as yen, for nought was reet,
> An Tib misca'd him day and neet,
> Which made him wish his spouse uncivil
> Full monie a teyme was at the devil.

And then again, what queer cronies he must have had; what strange acquaintance he must have mixed with before he was able to fix on the canvas such masterly groupings of old Cumberland worthies as are depicted in *The Bridewain*, *Rosley Fair*, *Auld Lang Seyne*, and *The Honest Sailor's Song*.

In Stagg's poems we find no artificial images, no fictitious raptures; sometimes he is coarse, sometimes vulgar; but all is simple, natural, and full of life and energy.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
## (1770-1850)

### *1. An Aerial View of Lakeland*

TO begin, then, with the main outlines of the country; —I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point; let it be the top of either of the mountains, Great Gable, or Sca Fell; or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between these two mountains,

at not more than half a mile's distance from each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long lake of Windermere, stretched nearly to the sea; or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morecambe, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel;—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other valleys do) to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may not inaptly be represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again, with an inclination towards the west, we see immediately at our feet the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a copious stream winding among fields, rocks and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, next to be observed, viz. that of the Esk, is of the same character as the last, yet beautifully discriminated from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary enters the sea below the small town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patchwork, or an array of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon the sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, within a bed of steep mountains,

the long, narrow, stern, and desolate lake of Wastdale; and, beyond this, a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The stream that issues from Wastwater is named the Irt, and falls into the estuary of the river Esk. Next comes in view Ennerdale, with its lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the castle, then, seeming, like the other rivers, to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this tempestuous coast, enters the Irish Sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of that name, and Crummock Water beyond, next present themselves. We will follow the main stream, the Cocker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle.

Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Windermere with which we began. From this point it will appear, that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ullswater, Hawswater and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gable and Sca Fell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than four or five miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and you will look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the Vale of Keswick; upon Ullswater, stretching due east; and not far beyond to the south-east (though from this point not visible) lie the vale and lake of Hawswater; and lastly, the vale of Grasmere, Rydal and Ambleside, brings you back to Windermere, thus completing, though on the eastern

side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

Such, concisely given, is the general topographical view of the country of the Lakes in the north of England; and it may be observed that, from the circumference to the centre, that is, from the sea or plain country to the mountain stations specified, there is—in the several ridges that enclose these vales, and divide them from each other, I mean in the forms and surfaces, first of the swelling grounds, next of the hills and rocks, and lastly of the mountains—an ascent of almost regular gradations, from elegance and richness, to their highest point of grandeur and sublimity.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 2. *The Old Cumberland Beggar*

I SAW an aged beggar in my walk;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude:
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,

That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,
Approached within the length of half his staff.
Him from my childhood have I known; and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman throws not with a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,
Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The post-boy when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and if thus warned
The old man does not change his course, the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips or anger at his heart.
He travels on, a solitary man;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
*They* move along the ground; and evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,

He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some show,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road—in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:
Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 3. *To a Butterfly*

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revolve in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush

Upon the prey: with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 4. *Yew-Trees*

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary tree!—a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
Up-coiling and inveterately convolved,—
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillared shade
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes

May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton,
And Time the Shadow—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 5. *View from the Top of Black Comb*

THIS height a ministering angel might select:
For from the summit of Black Comb (dread name
Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—low dusky tracts,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian hills
To the south-west, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eyesight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed and Clyde;—
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth
Gigantic mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base,
Main Ocean, breaking audibly and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale;—
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,
That, as we left the plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly,
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
Her habitable shores; but now appears

A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd swain
(Like the bright confines of another world)
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now!
In depth, in height, in circuit how serene
The spectacle, how pure! Of nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;
Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 6. *The Horn of Egremont Castle*

ERE the brothers through the gateway,
Issued forth with old and young,
To the horn Sir Eustace pointed
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save he who came as rightful heir
To Egremont's domains and castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record
Had the house of Lucie born,
Who of right had held the lordship
Claimed by proof upon the horn:
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the horn,—it owned his power;
He was acknowledged: and the blast,
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he—
" What I speak the horn shall witness
For thy bitter memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not!
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

" On good service we are going
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day;
Return, and sound the horn, that we
May have a living house still left in thee! "

" Fear not! " quickly answered Hubert;
" As I am thy father's son,
What thou askest, noble brother,
With God's favour shall be done."
So were both right well content:
Forth they from the castle went,
And at the head of their array
To Palestine the brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought, (the Lucies
Were a line for valour famed,)
And where'er their strokes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
By what evil spirit brought?
Oh! can a brave man wish to take
His brother's life, for land's and castle's sake?

" Sir! " the ruffians saide to Hubert,
" Deep he lies in Jordan's flood."
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
" Take your earnings."—Oh! that I
Could have *seen* my brother die! '
It was a pang that vexed him then;
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard.
Wherefore, bold as day, the murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his castle Hubert sped;
Nothing has he now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eyes had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the horn
Where by the castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
He is come to claim his right:
Ancient castles, woods and mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone:
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodged, and there be lord.

Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot;
And if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.
'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be
Living man, it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of:
To his brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
Asked it by a brother's name,
And by all the saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiven:
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserved from murderers' hands,
And from pagan chains had rescued,
Lived with honour on his lands.
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs:
And through ages, heirs of heirs,
A long posterity renowned,
Sounded the horn which they alone could sound.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 7. *Daffodils by Ullswater*

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 8. *Skiddaw*

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
And that inspiring hill which " did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English mountain we behold
By the celestial muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds:
What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty
Our British hill is nobler far: he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 9. *Airey-Force Valley*

NOT a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow

Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 10. *The Monument commonly Called Long Meg and Her Daughters, near the River Eden*

THE daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle, eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number, and from more than three yards above ground to less than so many feet: a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When the author first saw this monument, as he came upon it by surprise, he might over-rate its importance as an object: but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, he must say, he has not seen any other relic of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

A weight of awe not easy to be borne
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of an unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn;
Speak thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart—to overlook the circle vast.
Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That sisterhood in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### II. *The River Duddon*: *Stepping-Stones*

THE struggling rill insensibly is grown
Into a brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament: stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint.—How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the child
Puts, when the high-swoln flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof;—and here
Declining manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

Not so that pair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion checks the shepherd-lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy ford askance,—
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
She ventures once again—another pause!
His outstretched hand he tauntingly withdraws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel when he renews the wished-for aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic loves who, from yon high rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 12. *At Applethwaite: Near Keswick.*

BEAUMONT ! it was thy wish that I should rear
A seemly cottage in this sunny dell,
On favoured ground, my gift, where I might dwell
In neighbourhood with one to me most dear,
That undivided we from year to year
Might work in our high calling—a bright hope
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope
Till checked by some necessities severe.
And should these slacken, honoured Beaumont ! still
Even then we may perhaps in vain implore
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
Whether this boon be granted us or not,
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the spot
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 13. *The Maid of Buttermere*

ADD to these exhibitions, mute and still,
Others of wider scope, where living men,
Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
Diversified the allurement . . .
Here, too, were " forms and pressures of the time,"
Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed
When Art was young; dramas of living men,
And recent things yet warm with life; a sea-fight,
Ship-wreck, or some domestic incident
Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame;

Such as the daring brotherhood of late
Set forth, too serious theme for that light place—
I mean, O distant Friends! a story drawn
From our own ground,—the Maid of Buttermere,—
And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came
And wooed the artless daughter of the hills,
And wedded her, in cruel mockery
Of love and marriage bonds. These words to thee
Must needs bring back the moment when we first
Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,
Beheld her serving at the cottage inn;
Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew
With admiration of her modest mein
And carriage, marked by unexampled grace.
We since that time not unfamiliarly
Have seen her,—her discretion have observed,
Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
Her patience and humility of mind
Unspoiled by commendation and the excess
Of public notice—an offensive light
To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 14. *Cumbrian "Statesmen"*

THERE are small independent *proprietors* of land, here called Statesmen, men of respectable education, who daily labour on their own little properties. The domestic affections will always be strong amongst men who live in a country not crowded with population, if these men are placed above poverty. But if they are proprietors of small estates, which have descended to

them from their ancestors, the power which these affections will acquire amongst such men is inconceivable by those who have only had an opportunity of observing hired labourers, farmers, and the manufacturing poor. Their little tract of land serves as a kind of permanent rallying point for their domestic feelings, as a tablet upon which they are written, which makes them objects of memory in a thousand instances, when they would otherwise be forgotten. It is a fountain fitted to the nature of social man, from which supplies of affection, as pure as his heart was intended for, are daily drawn. This class of men is rapidly disappearing. (1801.)

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 15. *Cloudscape from the Coast at Bootle*

THE Isle of Man is right opposite our window; and though in this unsettled weather often invisible, its appearance has afforded us great amusement. One afternoon above the whole length of it was stretched a body of clouds, shaped and coloured like a magnificent grove in winter, whitened with snow, and illuminated by the morning sun, which—having melted the snow in part—intermingled black masses among the brightness. The whole sky was scattered over with fleecy dark clouds, such as any sunshiny day produces, and which were changing their shapes and positions every moment. But this line of clouds immovably attached themselves to the island, and manifestly took their shape from the influence of its mountains. There appeared to be just space enough of sky to allow the hand to slide between the top of Snaefell, the highest peak in the island, and the base of this glorious forest, in which little change was noticeable for more than the space of half-an-hour.

We had another fine sight one evening, walking along a rising ground about two miles distant from the shore. It was about the hour of sunset, and the sea was perfectly calm; and in a quarter where its surface was indistinguishable from the western sky, hazy and luminous with the setting sun, appeared a tall sloop-rigged vessel, magnified by the atmosphere through which it was viewed, and seeming rather to hang in the air than to float upon the waters. Milton compares the appearance of Satan to a *fleet* described far off at sea. The visionary grandeur and beautiful form of this *single* vessel, could words have conveyed to the mind the picture which Nature presented to the eye would have suited his purpose as well as the largest company of vessels that ever associated together, with the help of a trade wind, in the wide ocean. Yet not exactly so, and for this reason, that his image is a permanent one, not dependent upon accident. (1811.)

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 16. *Inscription on Southey's Tomb*

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! And ye, lov'd books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.

Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

## DOROTHY WORDSWORTH
(1771-1855)

### 1. *Floating Island*

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
(By throbbing waves long undermined)
Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,
But all might see it float, obedient to the wind.

Might see it, from the mossy shore
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
There insects live their lives, and die:
A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many season's space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant summer day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away.

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilise some other ground.

## DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

### 2. *A Lane of Daffodils A-bloom*

WHEN we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads on these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT
(1771-1832)

### 1. *The Enchanted Castle of the Vale of St. John*

IN shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore:—
" Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumbered way,
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric planned;
Sign and vigil, word of power,
From the earth raised keep and tower.
View it o'er, and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more! To cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate;
Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er—and turn again."

" That would I! " said the Warrior bold,
" If that my frame were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropped slow and cold
As icicle in thaw;
But while my heart can feel it dance,
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword and lance,
I mock these words of awe! " . . .

The venturous knight
Has reached a bower, where milder light
Through crimson curtains fell;

Such softened shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
  Upon its western swell.
That bower, the gazer to bewitch,
Had wondrous store of rare and rich
  As e'er was seen with eye;
For there by magic skill, I wis,
Form of each thing that living is
  Was limned in proper dye.
All seemed to sleep—the timid hare
On form, the stag upon his lair,
The eagle in her eyrie fair
  Between the earth and sky.
But what of pictured rich and rare
Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,
Deep-slumbering in the fatal chair,
  He saw King Arthur's child!
Doubt, and anger, and dismay
From her brow had passed away,
Forgot was that fell tourney-day,
  For, as she slept, she smiled:
It seemed that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
  With gentle dreams beguiled. . .

Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels
Soft that lovely hand he steals,
Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—
But the warder leaves her grasp;
  Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,
  Burst the Castle-walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—
  Melt the magic walls away;
  —But beneath their mystic rocks,

In the arms of bold De Vaux,
  Safe the princess lay;
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose's flower
  Opening to the day;
And round the Champion's brows were bound
The crown that Druiders had wound,
  Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remained of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
  The Garland and the Dame:
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed
  Except from Love and Fame?

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

### 2. *The Waste of Cumberland*

BROWN meanwhile, proceeded northward at a round pace along the moorish tract called the Waste of Cumberland. . . . In truth, nature, as if she had designed this tract to be the barrier between two hostile nations, had stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass; the huts poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other. Immediately around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; but a half-bred foal or two, straggling about with shackles on their hind legs, to save the trouble of enclosures, intimate the farmer's chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than are elsewhere to be found in Cumberland, arising partly from their own habits, partly from their

intermixture with vagrants and criminals who make this wild country a refuge from justice. So much were the men of these districts in early times the objects of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neighbours, that there was, and perhaps still exists, a by-law of the corporation of Newcastle, prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pithily said, " Give a dog an ill name and hang him "; and it may be added, if you give a man, or race of men, an ill name, they are likely to do something ill that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something and suspected more, from the discourse between the landlady, Dinmont and the gipsy; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him that could tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the Waste with day-light. In this last particular, however, he was likely to be disappointed. The way proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy, just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Choosing his steps with care and deliberation, the young officer proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines filled with a consistence between mud and water, and sometimes along heaps of gravel and stones, which had been swept together when some torrent or water-spout from the neighbouring hills overflowed the marshy ground below.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

### 3. *Lochinvar: The Bridal at Netherby Hall*

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best:

And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar? "

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
" Now tread we a measure! " said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe his fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
" She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772-1834)

### 1. *Autumn Scene at Keswick*

A DRIZZLING rain. Heavy masses of shapeless vapour upon the mountains (O the perpetual forms of Borrowdale!) yet it is no unbroken tale of dull sadness. Slanting pillars travel across the lake at long intervals, the vaporous mass whitens in large stains of light—on the

lakeward ridge of that huge arm-chair of Lodore fell a gleam of softest light, that brought out the rich hues of the late autumn. The woody Castle Crag between me and Lodore is a rich flower garden of colours—the brightest yellows with the deepest crimsons and the infinite shades of brown and green, the *infinite* diversity of which blends the whole, so that the brighter colours seem to be colours upon a ground, not coloured things. Little woolpacks of white bright vapour rest on different summits and declivities. The vale is narrowed by the mist and cloud, yet through the wall of mist you can see into a bower of sunny light, in Borrowdale; the birds are singing in the tender rain, as if it were the rain of April, and the decaying foliage were flowers and blossoms. The pillars of smoke from the chimney rises up in the mist, and is just distinguishable from it, and the mountain forms in the gorge of Borrowdale consubstantiate with the mist and cloud, even as the pillar'd smoke—a shade deeper and a determinate form.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

### 2. *On St. Herbert's Island*

ON St. Herbert's Island, I saw a large spider with most beautiful legs, floating in the air on his back by a single thread which he was spinning out, and still, as he spun, heaving on the air, as if the air beneath was a pavement elastic to his strokes. From the top of a very high tree he had spun his line; at length reached the bottom, tied his thread round a piece of grass, and reascended to spin another—a net to hang, as a fisherman's sea-net hangs, in the sun and wind to dry.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

### 3. *From "Christabel"*

EACH matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Windermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is not lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rocks and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

## 4. *The Knight's Tomb*

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

## 5. *A Thought Suggested by a View of Saddleback*

ON stern Blencartha's perilous height
  The winds are tyrannous and strong;
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blencartha's skiey height,
  As loud the torrents throng!
Beneath the moon, in gentle weather
They blend the earth and sky together.
But oh! the sky and all its forms how quiet!
The things that seek the earth, how full of noise
  and riot!

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

### 6. *The Outlook from Greta Hall*

OUR house stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening light in the front of the house. In front we have a giant's camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left Derwentwater and Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY

(1774-1846)

### 1. *In the Library of Greta Hall*

MY days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
  And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
  How much to them I owe
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
  I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
  Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
  My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
  Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY

### *2. A Day in November*

IT is no wonder that foreigners, who form their notions of England from what they see in its metropolis, should give such dismal descriptions of an English November; a month when, according to the received opinion of continental writers, suicide comes as regularly in season with us as geese at Michaelmas and green peas in June. Nothing indeed can be more cheerless and comfortless than a common November day in that huge overgrown city; the streets covered with that sort of thick greasy dirt, and the sky concealed from sight by a dense, damp, oppressive, dusky atmosphere,

composed of Essex fog and London smoke. But in the country November presents a very different aspect: there its soft, calm weather has a charm of its own; a stillness and serenity unlike any other season, and scarcely less delightful than the most genial days of spring. The pleasure which it imparts is rather different in degree: it accords as finely with the feelings of declining life as the bursting foliage and opening flowers of May with the elastic spirits of youth and hope.

But a fine day affects children alike at all seasons as it does the barometer. They live in the present, seldom saddened with any retrospective thoughts, and troubled with no foresight. Three or four days of dull sunless weather had been succeeded by a delicious morning. My young ones were clamorous for a morning's excursion. The glass had risen to a little above change, but their spirits had mounted to the point of settled fair. . . .

On such a day, a holiday having been voted by acclamation, an ordinary walk would not satisfy the children: it must be a scramble among the mountains, and I must accompany them; it would do me good, they knew it would; they knew I did not take sufficient exercise, for they had heard me sometimes say so. One was for Skiddaw Dod, another for Causey Pike, a third proposed Watendlath; and I, who perhaps would more willingly have sate at home, was yet in a mood to suffer violence, and making a sort of compromise between their exuberant activity and my own inclination for the chair and the fireside, fixed upon Walla Crag. Never was any determination of sovereign authority more willingly received: it united all suffrages: Oh yes! yes! Walla Crag was the unanimous reply. Away they went to put on coats and clogs, and presently were ready each with her little basket to carry out the luncheon, and bring home such treasures of mosses and lichens as they were sure to find. Off we set; and when I beheld their

happiness, and thought how many enjoyments they would have been deprived of, if their lot had fallen in a great city, I blest God who had enabled me to fulfil my heart's desire, and live in a country such as Cumberland.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY

### 3. *The Cataract of Lodore, described in Rhymes for the Nursery*

'How does the Water
Come down at Lodore?'
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he task'd me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There came first one daughter
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store:
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;

From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The Cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among:
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,

Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,

And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and scurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and staying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and pumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

## CHARLES LAMB
(1775-1834)

*Elia finds Skiddaw a "fine Creature."*

SINCE the date of my last letter, I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote

regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly never intend to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe, Stoddart promising to go with me another year prevented that plan.

My next scheme, (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed Peak in Derbyshire, where the Devil sits, they say. And my final resolve was a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice; for my time being precious did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, etc., etc. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (as it never came again—while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets); and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment, gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that

ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp,—an old sofa, half-bed, etc. And all looking out upon the last fading view of Skiddaw and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people and most hospitable) at whose house we tarried one day and night, and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London and passed much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ullswater (where the Clarksons live), and a place at the other end of Ullswater—I forget the name—to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself, that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired, when she got about halfway up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about, and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my

life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by anyone, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than among Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* on Skiddaw. I could spend a year—two, three years—among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature.

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

(1775-1864)

### *Written at Mr. Rawson's, Wastwater Lake*

LOVELIEST of hills! from crime and care removed,
Long these old firs and quiet roofs protect!
Deepest of waters, long these scenes reflect!
And, at your side, their lord, the well-beloved.

For modest Wisdom, shunning loud acclaim,
Hears Nature's voice call through it, and retreats
To her repose upon your mossy seats,
And in his heart finds all he wants of Fame.

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY
(1785-1859)

### 1. *First Meeting with Robert Southey*

I HAD been directed to ask for Greta Hall, which, with some little difficulty I found; for it stands out of the town a few hundred yards, upon a little eminence overhanging the river Greta. It was about seven o'clock when I reached Southey's door; for I had stopped to dine at a little public-house in Threlkeld, and had walked slowly for the last two hours in the dark. The arrival of a stranger occasioned a little sensation in the house; and, by the time the front door could be opened, I saw Mrs. Coleridge, and a gentleman whom I could not doubt to be Southey, standing, very hospitably, to greet my entrance. Southey was, in person, somewhat taller than Wordsworth, being about five feet eleven in height, whilst Wordsworth was about five feet ten; and, partly from having slender limbs, partly from being more symmetrically formed about the shoulders than Wordsworth, he struck one as a better and lighter figure, to the effect of which his dress contributed; for he wore pretty constantly a short jacket and pantaloons, and had much the air of a Tyrolese mountaineer. . . . His face I profess myself unable to describe accurately. His hair was black, and yet his complexion was fair; his eyes I believe to be hazel and large; but I will not vouch for that fact: his nose aquiline; and he has a remarkable habit of looking up into the air, as if looking at abstractions. The expression of his face was that of a very acute and aspiring man. So far, it was even noble, as it conveyed a feeling of a serene and gentle pride, habitually familiar with elevating

subjects of contemplation. And yet it was impossible that this pride could have been offensive to anybody, chastened as it was by the most unaffected modesty; and this modesty made evident and prominent by the constant expression of reverence for the great men of the age (when he happened to esteem them such), and for all the great patriarchs of our literature. The point in which Southey's manner failed the most in conciliating regard was in all which related to the external expressions of friendliness. No man could be more sincerely hospitable—no man more essentially disposed to give up even his time (the possession which he most valued) to the service of his friends. But there was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind, but, perhaps, a little too freezing—in his treatment of all persons who were not among the *corps* of his ancient fireside friends. Still, even towards the veriest strangers, it is but justice to notice his extreme courtesy in sacrificing his literary employments for the day, whatever they might be, to the duty (for such he made it) of doing the honours of the lake and the adjacent mountains.

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY

### 2. *From Southey's Study Windows*

THE library—the collection of books, I mean, which formed the most conspicuous part of its furniture within—was in all senses a good one. The books were chiefly English, Spanish, and Portuguese; well selected, being the great cardinal classics of the three literatures; fine copies, and decorated externally with a reasonable elegance, so as to make them in harmony with the other embellishments of the room. This effect was aided by

the horizontal arrangement upon brackets of many rare manuscripts—Spanish or Portuguese. Made thus gay within, this room stood in little need of attractions from without. Yet, even upon the gloomiest day of winter, the landscape from the different windows was too permanently commanding in its grandeur, too essentially independent of seasons or the pomp of woods, to fail in fascinating the gaze of the coldest and dullest of spectators. The lake of Derwentwater in one direction, with its lovely islands—a lake about ten miles in circuit, and shaped pretty much like a boy's kite; the lake of Bassenthwaite in another; the mountains of Newlands, arranging themselves like pavilions; the gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge: all these objects lay in different angles to the front; whilst the sullen rear, not fully visible on this side of the house, was closed for many a league by the vast and towering masses of Skiddaw and Blencathra—mountains which are rather to be considered as frontier barriers, and chains of hilly ground, cutting the county of Cumberland into great chambers and different climates, than as insulated eminences, so vast is the area which they occupy; though there *are* also such separated and insulated heights, and nearly amongst the highest in the country. Southey's lot had therefore fallen, locally considered, into a goodly heritage. This grand panorama of mountain scenery, so varied, so expansive, and yet having the delightful feeling about it of a deep seclusion and dell-like sequestration from the world—a feeling which, in the midst of so expansive an area spread out below his windows, could not have been sustained by any barrier less elevated than Glaramara, Skiddaw, or (which could also be descried) "the mighty Helvellyn and Catchedicam," this congregation of hill and lake, so wide, and yet so prison-

like in its separation from all beyond it, lay for ever under the eyes of Southey.

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY

### 3. *An Apparition at Airey Force*

DURING this residence upon Ullswater (winter of 1800) it was that a very remarkable incident befell Miss Smith. I have heard it often mentioned, and sometimes with a slight variety of circumstances; but I here repeat it from an account drawn up by Miss Smith herself, who was most literally exact and faithful to the truth in all reports of her own personal experience. There is, on the western side of Ullswater, a fine cataract (or, in the language of the country, a *force*), known by the name of Airey Force; and it is of importance enough, especially in rainy seasons, to attract numerous visitors from among "the Lakes." Thither, with some purpose of sketching, not the whole scene, but some picturesque features of it, Miss Smith had gone quite unaccompanied. The road to it lies through Gowbarrow Park; and it was usual, at that time, to take a guide from the family of the Duke of Norfolk's keeper, who lived in Lyulph's Tower—a solitary hunting lodge, built by his Grace for the purposes of an annual visit which he used to pay to his estates in that part of England. She, however, thinking herself sufficiently familiar with the localities, had declined to encumber her motions with such an attendant; consequently she was alone. For half an hour or more, she continued to ascend; and, being a good "cragswoman," from the experience she had won in Wales as well as in northern England, she had reached an altitude much

beyond what would generally be thought corresponding to the time. The path had vanished altogether; but she continued to pick one out for herself amongst the stones, sometimes receding from the *force*, sometimes approaching it, according to the openings allowed by the scattered masses of rock. Pressing forward in this hurried way, and never looking back, all at once she found herself in a little stony chamber, from which there was no egress possible in advance. She stopped and looked up. There was a frightful silence in the air. She felt a sudden palpitation at her heart, and a panic from she knew not what. Turning, however, hastily, she soon wound herself out of this aerial dungeon; but by steps so rapid and agitated, that at length, on looking round, she found herself standing at the brink of a chasm, frightful to look down. That way, it was clear enough, all retreat was impossible; but, on turning round, retreat seemed in every direction alike even more impossible. Down the chasm, at least, she might have leaped, though with little or no chance of escaping with life; but on all other quarters it seemed to her eye that at no price could she effect an exit, since the rocks stood round her in a semi-circus, all lofty, all perpendicular, all glazed with trickling water, or smooth as polished porphyry. Yet how, then, had she reached the point? The same track, if she could hit that track, would surely secure her escape. Round and round she walked; gazed with almost despairing eyes; her breath became thicker and thicker; for path she could not trace by which it was possible for her to have entered. Finding herself grow more and more confused, and every instant nearer to sinking into some fainting fit or convulsion, she resolved to sit down and turn her thoughts quietly into some less exciting channel. This she did; gradually recovered some self-possession; and then suddenly a thought rose

up to her, that she was in the hands of God, and that He would not forsake her. But immediately came a second and reproving thought—that this confidence in God's protection might have been justified had she been ascending the rocks upon any mission of duty; but what right could *she* have to any providential deliverance, who had been led thither in a spirit of levity and carelessness? I am here giving *her* view of the case; for, as to myself, I fear greatly that, if *her* steps were erring ones, it is but seldom indeed that *nous autres* can pretend to be treading upon right paths. Once again she rose; and, supporting herself upon a little sketching-stool that folded up into a stick, she looked upwards, in the hope that some shepherd might, by chance, be wandering in those aerial regions; but nothing could she see except the tall birches growing at the brink of the highest summits, and the clouds slowly sailing overhead. Suddenly, however, as she swept the whole circuit of her station with her alarmed eye, she saw clearly, about two hundred yards beyond her own position, a lady, in a white muslin morning robe, such as were then universally worn by young ladies until dinner-time. The lady beckoned with a gesture and in a manner that, in a moment, gave her confidence to advance—*how* she could not guess; but, in some way that baffled all power to retrace it, she found instantaneously the outlet which previously had escaped her. She continued to advance towards the lady, whom now, in the same moment, she found to be standing upon the other side of the *force*, and also to be her own sister. How or why that young lady, whom she had left at home earnestly occupied with her own studies, should have followed and overtaken her filled her with perplexity. But this was no situation for putting questions; for the guiding sister began to descend, and, by a few simple gestures, just serving to indicate when

Miss Elizabeth was to approach and when to leave the brink of the torrent, she gradually led her down to a platform of rock, from which the further descent was safe and conspicuous. There Miss Smith paused, in order to take breath from her panic, as well as to exchange greetings and questions with her sister. But sister there was none. All trace of her had vanished; and when, in two hours after, she reached her home, Miss Smith found her sister in the same situation and employment in which she had left her; and the whole family assured her that she had never stirred from the house.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807-1882)

### *The Luck of Edenhall*

OF Edenhall, the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
" Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall! "

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's old seneschal
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the lord: " This glass to praise
Fill with red wine from Portugal! "
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,
" This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it: *If this glass doth fall,*
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

" 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! Klang! to the Luck of Edenhall! "

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

" For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! Klang! with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall."

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hands the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

" The stone wall," said he, " doth fall aside,
Down must the stately colours fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall! "

## EDWARD QUILLINAN
(1791-1851)

### *Robins' Requiem for Robert Southey*

WHERE a hedge of blackthorn blooms,
Close beside the place of tombs,
As the bearers bear the dead,
Pacing slow with solemn tread,
Two feathered choristers of spring,
To the dark procession sing,
Heedless of the driving rain,
Fearless of the mourning train,
Perched upon a trembling stem
They sing the poet's requiem.
Some sacred frenzy has possessed
These warblers of the russet breast,
To honour thus, with friendship brave,
A poet's passage to his grave.

## CHRISTOPHER BULMAN
(*fl.* 1800)

### *My Lovely Fair*

WHENE'ER I gang to see my love,
She makes my heart aye fain;
She is sae blythe—and welcomes me
Sae cheerfu' back again!
There's ne'er a lass that e'er I saw,
Wha can wi' her compare;
To me she's dear as dear can be,
My own sweet lovely fair.

There's not a charming chorister
That sings on bush or tree;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
Can gie sic joys to me.
The virtuous grace seen in her face,
Aye frees my heart frae care;
She is sae neat wi' mind complete,
My own sweet lovely fair.

Whene'er I clasp wi' fond embrace,
She fills my heart wi' love;
She's aye sae charming in my eyes,
My mind it will not rove.
Such angel form of woman born,
The like was ne'er before;
So straight, so small, and proper tall,
Is my sweet lovely fair.

How pleased I'm still to meet wi' her,
But, oh! how wae to part;
The throbbing sigh which heaves my breast,
Is like to rend my heart.

Ye guardian Powers, wha rule above,
And make mankind your care,
Grant me but this—for ever bless
My own sweet lovely fair.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792-1822)

### *From Chestnut Cottage, Keswick*

I HAVE taken a long *solitary* ramble to-day. These gigantic mountains piled on each other, these waterfalls, these million-shaped clouds tinted to the varying colours of innumerable rainbows hanging between yourself and a lake as smooth and dark as a plain of polished jet—oh, these are sights attunable to the contemplation! I have been much struck by the grandeur of its imagery. Nature here sports in the awful waywardness of her solitude. The summits of the loftiest of these immense piles of rock seem but to elevate Skiddaw and Helvellyn. Imagination is resistlessly compelled to look back upon the myriad ages whose silent change placed them here; to look back when perhaps this retirement of peace and mountain-simplicity was the pandemonium of druidical imposture, the scene of Roman pollution, the resting-place of the savage denizen of these solitudes with the wolf.—Still, still further. Strain thy reverted fancy when no rocks, no lakes, no cloud-soaring mountains were here; but a vast, populous and licentious city stood in the midst of an immense plain. Myriads flocked towards it. London itself scarcely exceeds it in the variety, the extensiveness of its corruption. Perhaps ere Man had lost reason, and lived in an happy, happy race: no tyranny, no war.—Adieu to the dazzling picture (Nov. 23, 1811).

Strange prejudices have these country people! I must relate one very singular one. The other night I was explaining to Harriet and Eliza the nature of the atmosphere; and, to illustrate my theory, I made some experiments on hydrogen gas, one of its constituent parts. This was in the garden, and the vivid flame was seen at some distance. A few days after, Mr. Dare entered our cottage, and said he had something to say to me. "Why, sir," said he, "I am not satisfied with you. I wish you to leave my house." "Why, sir?" "Because the country talks very strangely of your proceedings. Odd things have been seen at night near your dwelling. I am very ill-satisfied with this. Sir, I don't like to talk of it: I wish you to provide yourself elsewhere." I have, with much difficulty, quieted Mr. Dare's fears. He does not, however, much like us; and I am by no means certain that he will permit us to remain. . . . This country is heavenly: I will describe it when I have seen more of it. I wish to stay, too, to see Southey. You may imagine, then, that I was very humble to Mr. Dare. (Nov. 26, 1811).

Oh, how you will delight in this scenery! These mountains are now covered with snow. The lake, as I see it hence, is glassy and calm. Snow-vapours, tinted by the loveliest colours of refraction, pass far below the summits of these giant rocks. The scene, even in a winter sunset, is inexpressibly lovely. The clouds assume shapes which seem peculiar to these regions. What will it be in summer? What when *you* are here? Oh, give me a little cottage in that scene! Let all live in peaceful little houses —let temples and palaces rot with their perishing masters! Be society civilised; be you with us; grant eternal life to all; and I will ask not paradise

. . . . . but such a scene as this! Dec. 10, 1811).

## JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART
(1794-1854)

### *Walter Scott Meets His Fate*

PROCEEDING southwards, the tourists visited Carlisle, Penrith—the vale of the Eamont, including Mayburgh and Brougham Castle—Ullswater and Windermere; and at length fixed their headquarters at the then peaceful and sequestered little watering place of Gilsland, making excursions from thence to the various scenes of romantic interest which are commemorated in The Bride of Triermain, and otherwise leading very much the sort of life depicted among the loungers of St. Ronan's Well. Scott was, on his first arrival in Gilsland, not a little engaged with the beauty of one of the young ladies lodged under the same roof with him; and it was on the occasion of a visit in her company to some part of the Roman Wall that he indited his lines—

> "Take these flowers, which, purple waving,
> On the ruined ramparts grew."

But this was only a passing glimpse of flirtation. A week or so afterwards commenced a more serious affair.

Riding one day with Ferguson, they met, some miles from Gilsland, a young lady taking the air on horseback, whom neither of them had previously remarked, and whose appearance instantly struck both so much, that they kept her in view until they had satisfied themselves that she also was one of the party at Gilsland. The same evening there was a ball, at which Captain

(John) Scott produced himself in his regimentals, and Ferguson also thought proper to be equipped in the uniform of the Edinburgh Volunteers. There was no little rivalry among the young travellers as to who should first get presented to the unknown beauty of the morning's ride; but though both the gentlemen in scarlet had the advantage of being dancing partners, their friend succeeded in handing the fair stranger to supper—and such was his first introduction to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter.

Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; " a form that was fashioned as light as a fay's;" a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep-set and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined; and from that hour the fate of the young poet was fixed.

## JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES
(1795-1887)

### 1. *D'Ye Ken John Peel?*

D'YE ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view-holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Curs'd them all as he died in the morning?
'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view-holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true,
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view.
From the view to the death in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view-holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

And I've followed John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper-fence and the gate and the bar,
From Low Denton-holme up to Scrathmere Scar,
When we vied for the brush in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view-holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl:
And we'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
While we're wak'd by his horn in the morning.

'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view-holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

## JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES

### 2. *The Story of the Famous Song*

NEARLY forty years have now wasted away since John Peel and I sat in a snug parlour at Caldbeck among the Cumbrian mountains. We were then both in the hey-day of manhood, and hunters of the older fashion; meeting the night before to arrange earth stopping; and in the morning to take the best part of the hunt—the drag over the mountains in the mist—while fashionable hunters still lay in the blankets. Large flakes of snow fell that evening. We sat by the fireside hunting over again many a good run, and recalling the feats of each particular hound, or narrow breakneck 'scapes, when a flaxen-haired daughter of mine came in saying, "Father, what do they say to what granny sings?" Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son with a very old rant called *Bonnie (or Cannie) Annie*. The pen and ink for hunting appointments being on the table, the idea of writing a song to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced, impromptu, *D'ye Ken John Peel with his coat so gray*. Immediately after I sung it to poor Peel who smiled through a stream of tears which fell down his manly cheeks; and I well remember saying to him in a joking style, "By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth."

As to John Peel's general character I can say little. He was of a very limited education beyond hunting. But no wile of a fox or hare could evade his scrutiny; and business of any shape was utterly neglected, often

to cost far beyond the first loss. Indeed this neglect extended to the paternal duties in his family. I believe he would not have left the drag of a fox on the impending death of a child, or any other earthly event. An excellent rider, I saw him once on a moor put up a fresh hare and ride till he caught her with his whip. You may know that he was six feet and more, and of a form and gait quite surprising, but his face and head somewhat insignificant. A clever sculptor told me that he once followed, admiring him, a whole market day before he discovered who he was.

I remember he had a son Peter, about twelve years old, who seemed dwarfish and imperfect. When Peter was put upstairs to bed, instead of prayers, he always set out with the call to the hounds. From the quest upwards he hunted them by name till the view holloa, when Peel would look delighted at me, and exclaim, "Dam it, Peter has her off! Noo he'll gae to sleep." On such occasions the father always listened as to reality, and abstractedly would observe, "Now, Peter, that's a double—try back. Hark ye, that's Mopsy running foil"—(then laugh)—"Run Peter, Dancer lees—flog him—my word he'll git it noo—but don't kill him quite, etc,"—(and then laugh again.)

Peel was generous as every true sportsman ever must be. He was free with the glass "at the heel of the hunt"; but a better heart never throbbed in man. In the latter part of his life his estate was embarrassed, but the right sort in all Cumberland called a meet some years since, and before parting they sang *John Peel* in full chorus, closing by presenting him with a handsome gratuity which empowered him to shake off his encumbrances, and die with a "hark tally-ho!"

## JOHN KEATS
(1795-1821)

### 1. *Climbing Skiddaw Before Breakfast*

FROM Helvellyn we came to Keswick on Derwent Water. The approach to Derwent Water surpassed Windermere—it is richly wooded, and shut in with rich-toned mountains. From Helvellyn to Keswick was eight miles to breakfast, after which we took a complete circuit of the lake, going about ten miles, and seeing on our way the fall of Lodore. I had an easy climb among the streams, about the fragments of rocks, and should have got I think to the summit, but unfortunately I was damped by slipping one leg into a squashy hole. There is no great body of water, but the accompaniment is delightful; for it oozes out from a cleft in perpendicular rocks, all fledged with ash and other beautiful trees. It is a strange thing how they got there. At the south end of the lake, the mountains of Borrowdale are perhaps as fine as anything we have seen. On our return from this circuit, we ordered dinner, and set forth about a mile and a half along the Penrith road, to see the Druid temple. We had a fag up hill, rather too near dinner-time, which was rendered void by the gratification of seeing those aged stones on a gentle rise in the midst of the mountains, which at that time darkened all around, except at the fresh opening of the Vale of St. John. It promised all along to be fair, and we had fagged and tugged nearly to the top, when, at half-past six, there came a mist upon us and shut out the view. We did not, however, lose anything by it: we were high enough without mist to see the coast of Scotland—the Irish Sea—the hills beyond Lancaster—and nearly all the

large ones of Cumberland and Westmorland, particularly Helvellyn and Scawfell. It grew colder and colder as we ascended, and so we were glad, at about three parts of the way, to taste a little rum which the guide brought with him, mixed, mind ye, with mountain water. I took two glasses going and one returning. It is about six miles from where I am writing to the top. So we have walked ten miles before breakfast to-day. We went up with two others, very good sort of fellows. All felt, on arising into the cold air, that same elevation which a cold bath gives one—I felt as if I were going to a Tournament. (June 29, 1818).

## JOHN KEATS

### 2. *Country Dances at Ireby.*

WE are this morning at Carlisle. After Skiddaw, we walked to Ireby, the oldest market town in Cumberland, where we were greatly amused by a country dancing-school holden at the Tun, it was indeed "no new cotillon fresh from France." No, they kickit and jumpit with mettle extraordinary, and whiskit and friskit, and toed it, and go'd it, and twirl'd it, and whirl'd it, and stamped it, and sweated it, tattooing the floor like mad. The difference between our country dances and these Scottish figures is about the same as leisurely stirring a cup o' tea and beating up a batter-pudding. I was extremely gratified to think that, if I had pleasures they knew nothing of, they also had some into which I could not possibly enter. I hope I shall not return without having got the Highland fling. There was as fine a row of boys and girls as you ever saw; some beautiful faces, and one exquisite mouth. I never felt so near the glory of patriotism, the

glory of making by any means a country happier. This is what I like better than scenery. (July 1, 1818).

## HARRIET MARTINEAU
(1802-1876)

### *Tales of Borrowdale*

ITS inhabitants were once considered as primitive as we now consider those of Watendlath; and a good deal more, if the current stories are true. It is said that an old Borrowdale man was once sent a very long way for something very new, by some innovator who had found his way into the dale. The man was to go with horse and sacks (for there were no carts, because there were no roads) to bring some lime from beyond Keswick. On his return, when he was near Grange, it began to rain, and the man was alarmed at seeing his sacks begin to smoke. He got a hatful of water from the river; but the smoke grew worse. Assured at length that the devil must be in any fire which was aggravated by water, he tossed the whole load over into the river.

That must have been before the dalesmen built their curious wall; for they must have had lime for that. Spring being very charming in Borrowdale, and the sound of the cuckoo gladsome, the people determined to build a wall to keep in the cuckoo, and make the spring last for ever. So they built a wall across the entrance, at Grange. The plan did not answer; but that was, according to the popular belief from generation to generation, because the wall was not built one course higher. It is simply for want of a top course in that wall that eternal spring does not reign in Borrowdale.

Another anecdote shows, however, that a bright wit

did occasionally show himself among them. A "statesman"—(an "estatesman," or small proprietor)—went one day to a distant fair or sale, and brought home what neither he nor his neighbours had ever seen before;—a pair of stirrups. Home he came jogging, with his feet in his stirrups; but, by the time he reached his own door, he had jammed his feet in so fast that they would not come out. There was great alarm and lamentation; but, as it could not be helped now, the good man patiently sat his horse in the pasture for a day or two, his family bringing him food, till the eldest son, vexed to see the horse suffering by exposure, proposed to bring both into the stable. This was done; and there sat the farmer for several days—his food being brought to him as before. At length it struck the second son that it was a pity not to make his father useful, and release the horse; so he proposed to carry him, on the saddle, into the house. By immense exertion it was done; the horse being taken alongside the midden in the yard, to ease the fall: and the good man found himself under his own roof again,—spinning wool in a corner of the kitchen. There the mounted man sat spinning, through the cleverness of his second son, till the lucky hour arrived of his youngest son's return,—he being a scholar,—a learned student from St. Bees. After duly considering the case, he gave his counsel. He suggested that the goodman should draw his feet out of his shoes. This was done, amidst the blessings of the family; and the goodman was restored to his occupations and to liberty. The wife was so delighted that she said that if she had a score of children, she would make them all scholars,—if only she had to begin life again.

It is by no means to be supposed, however, that there was not wit in the valley but what had come from St. Bees. On the contrary, a native genius, on one occasion, came to a conclusion so striking that it is doubtful

whether any university could rival it. A stranger came riding into the dale on a mule, and, being bound for the mountains, went up the pass on foot, leaving the animal in the care of his host. The host had never seen such a creature before, nor had his neighbours. Fearing mischief, they consulted the wise man of the dale; for they kept a Sagum, or medicine man, to supply their deficiencies. He came, and after an examination of the mule, drew a circle round it, and consulted his books while his charms were burning; and, at length, announced that he had found it. The creature must be, he concluded, a peacock. So Borrowdale could then boast, without a rival, of a visit from a stranger who came riding on a peacock.

There is a real and strong feeling in the district about these old stories. Only last year (1854) when a Borrowdale man entered a country inn, a prior guest said simply "Cuckoo," and was instantly knocked down; and a passionate fight ensued. This cannot last much longer—judging by the number of new houses,—abodes of gentry,—built or building in Borrowdale. The wrath must presently turn to a laugh in the humblest chimney corner in the dale.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1806-1861)

### *On a Portrait of Wordsworth by B. R. Haydon*

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed

And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist:
No portrait this, with Academic air!
This is the poet and his poetry.

## WILLIAM SMITH
(1808-1872)

### 1. *Seeing "Wordsworth's Mountains"*

WERE I to travel all round the globe, should I ever forget those dead Langdale Pikes, and that most graceful range of hills over which they preside, or the summits of Fairfield and Skiddaw? Nothing in picture or in poem—nothing that I had seen or read—had prepared me for what the summit of a mountain discloses, range beyond range, tier above tier, and the last barrier losing itself in the sky, and the whole flooded with indescribable variety of the richest colouring. And what a thrill of delight it was when, from the base of the mountain, I first actually saw the white summer-cloud nestling in the hollows above me. There first I felt that the heavens were ours too.

This earliest excursion was made in company with Luxmore. We started from Mr. Springfield's together. We must see "Wordsworth's mountains", as we called them. I remember it was spring-time. The young verdure was quite *luminous*. I can think of no fitter word. It was spring-time *within* as well as without. How triumphantly we scaled those hills! How valorously

we conquered height after height! How sturdily we strode, when need was, with knapsack on our shoulders, through the winding valley! We sat together on the little bridge in Borrowdale, both silent as thought itself, for our spirits were attuned in harmony with each other, and we instinctively knew when each would crave for silence.

## WILLIAM SMITH

### 2. *The Old Plough*

RAMBLING one evening, and pausing as I rambled, through one of the quiet valleys of Cumberland, I saw, on turning round, an old man sitting near me at his cottage door. Apparently he was of that class who, in the north, are called "Statesmen"—peasant-proprietors. He was so very old and torpid that I could continue standing near him without any sense of intrusion on my part. He did not mark me; he did not even raise his eyes to the setting sun, though he was probably enjoying its light and warmth to the last. Hard by, under a hedge, there lay a broken worn-out plough, long since thrown aside, and, like the peasant himself quite super-annuated. There now came a sturdy carter with a saw, to cut off the handle of the useless implement. Apparently he wanted the piece of wood for something doing on the farm. He lays one hand upon the plough, and prepares to use the saw with the other. Suddenly the old man is roused; his eye glistens; he calls out authoritatively, "Leave the old plough alone!"

I understood directly that he had held and guided it in his youth. I noticed that the handle of the plough was still smooth from its frequent contact with the

human palm. He had leant on it, and heard the lark sing the while, as to his dull ears it had long ceased to sing. "Leave the old plough alone!" The words kept ringing in my ear as I walked on. I asked myself what plough, what instrument, or what product of any kind—were I to live to the age of the patriarchs—will remain to remind *me* of the labours of my youth?

## FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER
(1814-1863)

### 1. *On the Heights Near Devoke Water*

DREARY and grey the twilight hour came on,
Duddon was sounding in his wooded vale;
And through the ferns and round each hollow stone
The spirit of the chill night-breeze did wail.
With low and piteous moaning did it swell,
Like a poor ghost, upon the shaggy fell—
When, as we rode, the sun came round and stood
On the hill-top—an altar all of gold:
Twisting in gorgeous coils, like a huge flood,
The crimson stream along the valley rolled.
Rain-drops, like gems, upon the heath were seen,
And the whole earth was hit in golden green,
O it was well our hearts within us quailed,—
The throne of the Eternal was unveiled!

## FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

### 2. *Castle-Hill, Keswick*

COME, let us gather here upon the hill
The noble hearts that yet beat pure and high,

And, while the lake beneath our feet is still,
  Sweetly our speech may run on chivalry,
And feats of arms, and old crusading days,
And tourneys bright, and minstrels' generous praise.

For we have mourned o'er many a lonely place
  And moorland village with a knightly name,
And we have loved with wise regrets to trace
  The still unfaded relics of their fame.
Yon sun that sinks o'er Solway's distant bay
Sets not more proud and glorious than they.

Oh, then, while round Blencathra's haunted crest
  The purple folds of summer twilight wind,
Spirits of feudal memory here shall rest
  With spells of dearest awe upon my mind;
And there shall ride full gallantly and fast
Pageants and shades of that romantic past!

Sweet to the brow the wind of evening blows,
  Sweet to the sight are evening's golden gleams,
Sweetest of all are they where Greta flows,
  And Glenderaterra, and the nameless streams,
Lovely and beautiful, where summer day
Fades o'er yon Cumbrian mountain far away.

The clouds that build wild structures up on high
  Shall mould themselves to some baronial hall,
And the stray mist that wanders lonely by
  Be changed to a gigantic seneschal
The wind that o'er the battlements doth float
Shall sound from thence an elfin warder's note.

But, when the last pale glow is on the heights,
  The dream may shift unto a maiden's bower,
When every lattice shines with festal lights,

And crimson pennons wave on every tower,
Where ladies welcome back their knights again
From the far hunting-field or battle-plain.

And by my side the page of Monstrelet
With all its life-like forms shall be unrolled,
And he, with eye undimmed and hair of grey,
The chivalrous old Canon, shall unfold,
As in my boyish hours, his own dear lore,
Bright with the tints that shone in times of yore.

Oh, in his boyhood's best and purest days
Who hath not gathered round old Froissart's knee
Like children round a father, in whose lays
Strange things were told with quaint and earnest glee,
Prizing each year his well-known strains the more,
When we have heard them ten times told before?

Come, then, and we will make a mimic tale:—
The store of legendary things that lie
Far in the woods of many a Cumbrian vale
Shall weave for us the mingled destiny
Of a young knight and of a templar bold,
In those most gorgeous Chronicles untold.

## JOHN RICHARDSON, OF ST. JOHN'S
(1817-1886)

### 1. "*Tommy, fra t'Abbey Holme*" *visits Keswick*

WHEN I gat back to Kessick I went to t'seame hoose I stop't at t'neet afwore. I was sair tean up wi' an auld-fashnit picter 'at was fassent up on t'wo' in t'room

I was in. It was t'picter o' two chaps; t'an o' them an auld miserable leuken fellow as ivver yan saw, reaken up sovereigns wi' a hay-reake. He'd gitten a canny heap o' them; an' theer was written doon below him—

> The sordid miser takes a world of pains,
> And often frets himself for others' gains;
> But what ist for? to leave a thoughtless boy,
> To reap what he himself wants wit for to enjoy.

T'udder chap was a young rakish leuken fellow, wi' his hat cock't o' teaa side. He was throwen t'sovereigns aboot iv aw sides wi' a pitchfork, an' theer was doon below him—

> I am clothed in gold lace and feathers,
> With a heart as light as a cork;
> What my old father raketh together
> I throw it away with a fork.

They telt me 'at was pentit by a chap caw't Salathiel Court, t'at leev't i' that neighbourhood many year sen.

## JOHN RICHARDSON

### 2. *Auld Jwohnny' Hoose*

ABOUT two miles above Stonethwaite in Borrowdale, near the track that leads over the Stake between Borrowdale and Langdale, is an old inn which was formerly a dwelling house inhabited by an old man and his wife, and called "Jwohnny' Hoose," from the circumstance that the old man's name was Jwohnny. The tradition embodied in the following verses has long been a current story in Borrowdale—

> Theer was, some sixty-five year sen,
> I've hard some auld fwok tell,
> A cottage hoose stend whyte away,
> Up t'side o' Langstreth fell.

They use to caw't " auld Jwohnny' hoose,"
An' twea auld fwok leev't theer;
Their lives war lonely, ye may think,
For they'd na nebbors near.

They use to poo this beesom moss,
'At grew on t'top o' t'fell;
An' tak their beesoms yance a week,
To Kessick toon to sell.

O' Setterday they still war seen,
Togidder trudgen doon,
To sell their beesoms, an' bring back
Their few odd things fra t'toon.

Ya Freeday neet, some Langdale chaps
Hed cum't ower t'fell leatt on;
An' when they gat to Jwohnny' hoose
T' auld fwok to bed war gone.

They thowt they just wad hev a jwok,
An' mew't aw t'hoose aboot
Wi' brackens, fra' auld Jwohnny' stack
Till t'leet was aw dem't oot.

An' then they went to Kissick toon,
An' royster't aw t'next day;
An' neet was drawin' on afwore
They heamward teuk their way.

An' when they gat to Jwohnny' hoose
They teuk aw t'brackens back
To whoar they fand them t'neet afwore,
On t'top o' Jwohnny' stack.

At last when Jwohnny waken't up,
He to t'auld deame dud say:
" We mun be sturren, dayleet's sum't,
An' this is t'market day."

Sa up they gat, an' seunn they war
Gaan trudgen wi' their leadd;
But when they gat nar to t'Rostwate, [1]
They stop't, an' geapen steadd.

They met wi' fwok i' their Sunday cleas,
Nut as they gang to wark,
An' axt yan whoar they aw war gaan:
Says Dick, " We're gaan to t'kurk."

" What, gaan to t'kurk o' Setterday? "
" It's Sunday, min," says Dick:
Says Jwohnny " We've laid ower a day,
As seurr as we're aw whick." [2]

" An' we may e'en ga back ageann
I know na udder way;
We've laid i'bed, theer nowt sa seurr,
*Ower two neets an' a day!* "

## EDWIN WAUGH
(1817-1890)

### 1. *Up Ennerdale in Storm*

IT was a wild, dark walk, though we caught a wink of blue between the flying clouds sometimes. At length we came to a tract of level moorland, where the storm had room to rage in. Before we were over this, the path came to where four roads meet, and we

[1] Crosthwaite. [2] Alive.

wandered from one to the other, doubtful which to take. We climbed up to look at the broken guide-post, but that battered old friend of the stranger was dumb, and his trembling limbs pointed to nowhere. At last we chose the road that seemed most travelled, and it turned out right. The rising moon sent a tinge of wild light through the clouds, and we could dimly see the steeps of half-concealed mountains. In the black profound between, we heard the lake lashing its rocky shore; but nothing of it was visible. The scene was gloomily grand. I would not exchange the robe of stormy darkness which Ennerdale wore that night for all that sunlight can do to make it gay. The wild changes of weird light which stole from the moon through those flying clouds made the view more savage still. We laboured along the splashy road, through everything that makes a man damp, but the wild sublimity of the scene repaid for all. Our road led through a miry farmyard, from which we emerged by great folding doors upon a slope, down which the path continues to the water-side. The clouds broke a little again, and we caught sight of the gables of the Boathouse Inn below. It sounded strange, in such a scene, to hear the jolting of a cart, and people singing as blithely as if they were taking the last load home from a harvest field. They had evidently been "calling" somewhere in the wilderness. They passed us with a boisterous "Good night," and went singing into the gloom behind. A clatter of hoofs next came up, and we had to stand aside, as a tall figure on a great horse, dashed through the mist, like a moss-trooper riding home from a midnight foray. A few minutes more found us inside the Boathouse; and the wind whistled through the lock-hole after us, as if it wanted to come in and dry the mist off its wings. The house was cheerful as the wind was wild,—a comfortable kernel in a stormy shell.

## EDWIN WAUGH

### 2. *A Cattle-Deal at Wastdale Head*

WHEN evening came, the three farmers and one or two others who had been making merry in the little detached building near the house, came into the kitchen. They had spent the greatest part of the day in chaffering about the last half-crown that stood between their striking a bargain for a certain heifer. This was still going on when they came in. All quiet talk was at an end; and the mirth grew fast and furious. They would dispute noisily, tossing a luck penny to and fro, and clashing their hands, and twisting and twining the terms of bargain, in the hope of gaining a shilling or two of advantage on either side, and then, finding it a matter of diamond cut diamond, they would turn away from each other, vowing not to budge a penny nearer, and seeming to give up the whole thing. . . . The Borrowdale guide now turned the conversation upon some person in a neighbouring dale, of whom Ritson said: "All 'at he ails is 'at he connut bide condition. It's like yan o' these young cowts 'at gans aboot i' Match,[1] low i' flesh an' hingin' its head, for ivver under yan's feet, like an aad pet-geuss. But wait a lile bit, tull ye've gan it a lock o' corn, an' beans, an' bran, an' then see what it'll du for ye. Whenivver aa see folk at connut bide condition, aa think they're raytherly wantin' at top end o' their person. What should be their best room is varra like no better nor a lumber-shop." "Weel dune, Willie," said the garrulous old farmer. "Ye're talkin' weel, aad lad! Ye're i' girt cue this neet. Canny Cumberlan' for ivver, agean the world! Daal-head lads for ivver an' a day! Amen!—an' incline us to keep a good law!

[1] March.

Our Ellik likes fat bacon weel;
An' haver-bannocks pleases Dick,
A cowt-lword[1] meks layle Wully fain,
An' cabbish ne'er turns Philip sick.
Our deam's for gurdle-cakes an' tea;
An' Betty's aw for thick pez-keal;
Let ilk yen fancy what they wull
Still mey deleyte is gud strang yell.

Cum, aa'll just hev anudder glass, an' then. Wheer's t' bell?" "We hev nea bell i' t'kitchen," said Ritson, "knock o' t'teable." "Aa've a good mind to fling t'tengs to t'back o' t'door, t'seam as they du in Trubbeck," replied the farmer. "But here shoo is! Whisky, —an' het watter! Cum, William, aad lad; ye'll keep mo company in anudder?" "Nea mair for me, te-neet," said Ritson. "Du! Just anudder! Cum?" "Nea, aa's not so varra weel." "Well, ye knaa t'best." Then he sang again,—

"Duce tek the clock, click-cleckan sea,
Still in a body's ear,
It tells an' tells the time's gean by
When Johnny sud bin here.
Deuce tek the wheel, 'twill nit run roond,—
Nea mair te neet aa'll spin
But count each minute with a sigh
Till—

Cum, now, what d'ye say aboot yon heifer? It's gettin' leate; an' aa's off!" "Nay, aa tell't ye, Robert, aa'll nut tak a skurrick[2] less,—hev it or leave it. There isn't a lishier[3] beast, nor yen fuller o' promise i' a' Wastd'le. Aa's nut sea varra keen o' partin' wi't." "What, aa knaa what it is varra weel, an' aa've bid weel tu. Ye've deun ut nea good wi' lettin' it lig[4] out thooar raggy neets. But, sum now, aa'll tell ye what aa'll du. Aa'll turn ye a shilling back, an' stan' glasses." "Nay, aa'll not budge." "Well, then, we'll drop it.

[1] Cowt-lword, pudding of oatmeal and suet.
[2] Scrap. [3] Nimbler, livelier. [4] Lie.

Th'hunt's up through the wood
Through the wood, through the wood,
Th' hunt's up through the wood,

An aa's gannin' heam,—heifer or nea heifer." And thus we left them going on, long after Ritson's little lad had finished his poddish and gone to bed; a stormy night had closed over Wastdale Head once more.

## JOHN RUSKIN
(1819-1900)

### 1. *Early Impressions*

THE first thing which I remember, as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the hollows in the mossy roots, over the crag into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since. . . . In such journeyings, whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure, as early as I can remember, and continuing until I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has since been possible to me in anything; comparable for intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a noble and kind mistress, but no more explicable or definable than that feeling of love itself.

## JOHN RUSKIN

### 2. *Advice to an Artist*

IF you go down into Cumberland by the railroad, live in some frequented hotel, and explore the hills with

merry companions, however much you may enjoy your tour or their conversation, depend upon it you will never choose so much as one pictorial subject rightly; you will not see into the depth of any. But take knapsack and stick, walk towards the hills by short day's journeys—ten or twelve miles a day—taking a week from some starting-place sixty or seventy miles away; sleep at the pretty little wayside inns or the rough village ones; then take the hills as they tempt you, following glen or shore as your eye glances or your heart guides, wholly scornful of local fame or fashion, and of everything which it is the ordinary traveller's duty to see or pride to do. Never force yourself to admire anything when you are not in the humour; but never force yourself away from what you feel to be lovely in search of anything better; and gradually the deeper scenes of the natural world will unfold themselves to you in still increasing fulness of passionate power.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD
(1822-1888)

### *Armboth Fell*

WE left, just ten years since, you say,
That wayside inn we left today:
Our jovial host, as forth we fare,
Shouts greeting from his easy chair;
High on a bank our leader stands,
Reviews and ranks his motley bands;
Makes clear our goal to every eye,
The valley's western boundary.
A gate swings to: our tide hath flowed
Already from the silent road.

The valley pastures, one by one,
Are threaded, quiet in the sun:
And now beyond the rude stone bridge
Slopes gracious up the western ridge.
Its woody border, and the last
Of its dark upland farms is past;
Cool farms with open-lying stores,
Under their burnished sycamores:
All past: and through the trees we glide
Emerging on the green hill-side.
There climbing hangs, a far-seen sign,
Our wavering many-coloured line;
There winds, upstreaming slowly still
Over the summit of the hill.
And now, in front, behold outspread
Those upper regions we must tread;
Mild hollows, and clear healthy swells,
The cheerful silence of the fells.
Some two hours' march, with serious air,
Through the deep noon-tide heats we fare:
The red-grouse, springing at our sound,
Skims, now and then, the rising ground;
No life, save his and ours intrudes
Upon these breathless solitudes.
O Joy! again the farms appear;
Cool shade is there, and rustic cheer:
There springs the brook will guide us down,
Bright comrade, to the noisy town.
Lingering we follow down: we gain
The town, the highway, and the plain.
And many a mile of dusty way,
Parched and road-worn, we made that day;
But, Fausta, I remember well
That, as the balmy darkness fell,
We bathed our hands with speechless glee,
That night, in the wide-glimmering Sea.

Once more we tread this self-same road
Fausta, which ten years since we trod:
Alone we tread it, you and I;
Ghosts of that boisterous company.
Here, where the brook shines, near its head,
In its clear, shallow, turf-fringed bed;
Here, whence the eye first sees, far down,
Capped with faint smoke, the noisy town;
Here sit we, and again unroll,
Though slowly, the familiar whole.
The solemn wastes of heathy hill
Sleep in the July sunshine still:
The self-same shadows now, as then,
Play through this grassy upland glen:
The loose dark stones on the green way
Lie strewn, it seems, where then they lay:
On this mild bank above the stream,
(You crush them) the blue gentians gleam.
Still this wild brook, the rushes cool,
The sailing foam, the shining pool.—
These are not changed: and we, you say
Are scarce more changed, in truth, than they.

## E. LYNN LINTON
(1822-1898)

### 1. *The Slate Quarries of Honister*

THIS slate quarrying is awful to look at, both in the giddy height at which the men work, and in the terrible journeys which they make when bringing down the slate in their "sleds." It is simply appalling to see that small moving speck on the high crag, passing noiselessly along a narrow grey line that looks like a mere thread, and to know that it is a man with the chances

of his life dangling in his hand. As we look the speck moves; he first crosses the straight gallery leading out from the dark cavern where he emerged, and then he sets himself against the perpendicular descent, and comes down the face of the crag, carrying something behind him—at first slowly, and, as it were, cautiously; then with a swifter step, but still evidently holding back; but at last with a wild haste that seems as if he must be overtaken, and crushed to pieces by the heavy sled grinding behind him. The long swift steps seem almost to fly; the noise of the crashing slate comes nearer; now we see the man's eager face; and now we hear his panting breath; and now he draws up by the road-side—every muscle strained, every nerve alive, and every pulse throbbing with frightful force. It is a terrible trade—and the men employed in it look wan and worn, as if they were all consumptive or had heart disease. The average daily task is seven or eight of these journeys, carrying about a quarter of a ton of slate each time; the downward run occupying only a few minutes, the return climb—by another path not quite so perpendicular, where they crawl with their empty sleds on their backs, like some strange sort of beetle or fly—half an hour.

## E. LYNN LINTON

### 2. *High House Tarn*

IT is a sort of toy-lake, different to anything seen before; oval, surrounded by small, slaty, basaltic-looking crags, part with a little grass growing in among them, and part a mere piling-up of small stones as if they were miniature crags built by children: a very fairies' lake on which you will come with as much

pleasure as if you had fallen upon a royal child among the shepherds, or a white enchanted fawn among the sheep. It is called, by the few who know of it, High House Tarn; and, like Sparkling Tarn, sends down its little toy tributary into Sty Head Tarn. As the mists steal or scud over it, it is the most lovely and most unusual vision of a lake that can be imagined—quite a haunted lake; the undrugged cup of an innocent Circe, the home of a mountain Calypso where is no Hercules.

## F. W. H. MYERS
(1843-1901)

### *The Dalesmen of Cumberland*

TO those who love to deduce the character of a population from the character of their race and surroundings the peasantry of Cumberland and Westmorland form an attractive theme. Drawn in great part from the strong Scandinavian stock, they dwell in a land solemn and beautiful as Norway itself, but without Norway's rigour and penury, and with still lakes and happy rivers instead of Norway's inarming melancholy sea. They are a mountain folk; but their mountains are no precipices of insuperable snow, such as keep the dwellers in some Swiss hamlet shut in ignorance and stagnating into idiocy. These barriers divide only to concentrate, and environ only to endear; their guardianship is but enough to give an added unity to each group of kindred homes. And thus it is that the Cumbrian dalesmen have afforded perhaps as near a realization as human fates have yet allowed of the rural society which statesmen desire for their country's greatness. They have given an example of substantial comfort strenuously won; of home affection intensified

by independent strength; of isolation without ignorance, and of a shrewd simplicity; of a hereditary virtue which needs no support from fanaticism, and to which honour is more than law.

## CANON H. D. RAWNSLEY
(1851-1920)

### *Aspects of Skiddaw*

GO where we will in the Crosthwaite Vale, it is to Skiddaw and Skiddaw's top we turn our eyes. Beautiful in the hoar-frost of October, the silver white of winter, the grey-bleached grassiness of April, the emerald dust of May, the purple of August, the russet of September, this massive mountain head lifts into the blue or wreathes itself in cloud: never more interesting than when as on some great night of national rejoicing it wears a diadem of fire.

We know something of the glory of seeing old Skiddaw rouse, with its banner of flame, the burghers of Carlisle; for four times in our generation, on Jubilee night, on the tercentenary of the Armada, on the celebration of the marriage of the Duke of York, and on the night of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, have we planned and assisted at the building of a fire on the "girt man," and sent the rockets heavenward from the height.

## A. G. GARDINER
(B. 1865)

### *An Ascent of Pillar Rock*

IT is New Year's Day—clear and bright, patches of snow on the mountains and a touch of frost in the air.

In the hall there is a mob of gay adventurers, tying up ropes, putting on putties, filling rucksacks with provisions, hunting for boots (the boots are all alike, but you recognise them by your missing nails). We separate at the threshold—this group for the Great Gable, that for Scafell, ours, which includes George Abraham, for the Pillar Rock. It is a two and a half hour's tramp thither by Black Sail Pass, and as daylight is short there is not time to waste. We follow the water course up the valley, splash through marshes, faintly veneered with ice, cross the stream where the boulders give a decent foothold, and mount the steep ascent of Black Sail. From the top of the Pass we look down lonely Ennerdale, where, springing from the flank of the Pillar mountain, is the great Rock we have come to challenge. It stands like a tower, gloomy, impregnable, sheer, 600 feet from its northern base to its summit, split on the south side by Jordan Gap that divides the High Man or main rock from Pisgah, the lesser rock.

We have been overtaken by another party of three from the inn—one in a white jersey which, for reasons that will appear, I shall always remember. Together we follow the High Level Traverse, the track that leads round the flank of the mountain to the top of Walker's Gully, the grim descent to the valley, loved by the climber for the perils to which it invites him. Here we lunch and here we separate. We, unambitious (having three passengers in our party of five), are climbing the East face by the Notch and Slab route; the others are ascending by the New West route, one of the more difficult climbs. Our start is here; theirs is from the other side of Jordan Gap. It is not of our climb that I wish to speak, but of theirs. In the old literature of the Rock you will find the Slab and Notch route treated as a difficult feat; but today it is held in little esteem.

With five on the rope, however, our progress is slow, and it is two o'clock when we emerge from the chimney, perspiring and triumphant, and stand, first of the year, on the summit of the Pillar Rock, where the wind blows thin and shrill and from whence you look out over half the peaks of Lakeland. We take a second lunch, inscribe our names in the book that lies under the cairn, and then look down the precipice on the West face for signs of our late companions. The sound of their voices comes up from below, but the drop is too sheer to catch a glimpse of their forms. "They're going to be late," says George Abraham, the discoverer of the New West—and then he indicates the closing stages of the climb and the slab where on another New Year's Day occurred the most thrilling escape from death in the records of the Rock—two men falling, and held on the rope and finally rescued by the third. Of those three, two, Lewis Meryon and the Rev. W. F. Wright, perished the next year on the Grand Paradis. We dismiss the unhappy memory and turn cheerfully to descend by Slingsby's Crack and the Old West route which ends on the slope of the mountain near to the starting point of the New West route.

The day is fading fast, and the moon that is rising in the East sheds no light on this face of the great tower. The voices now are quite distinct, coming to us from the left. We can almost hear the directions and distinguish the speakers. "Can't understand why those lads are cutting it so fine," says George Abraham, and he hastens our pace down cracks and grooves and over ledges until we reach the screes and safety. And now we look up the great cliff and in the gathering dusk one thing is visible—a figure in a white jersey, with arms extended at full stretch. There it hangs minute by minute as if nailed to the rocks.

The party, then, are only just making the traverse from the chimney to the right, the most difficult manœuvre of the climb—a manœuvre in which one, he in the white jersey, has to remain stationary while his fellows pass him. "This is bad," says George Abraham and he prepares for a possible emergency. "Are you in difficulties? Shall we wait?" he cries. "Yes, wait." The words rebound from the cliff in the still air like stones. We wait and watch. We can see nothing but the white jersey, still moveless; but every motion of the other climbers and every word they speak echoes down the precipice, as if from a sounding-board. You hear the iron-shod feet of the climbers feeling about for footholds on the ringing wall of rock. Once there is a horrible clatter as if both feet are dangling over the abyss and scraping convulsively for a hold. I fancy one or two of us feel a little uncomfortable as we look at each other in silent comment. And all the time the figure in white, now growing dim, is impaled on the face of the darkness, and the voices come down to us in brief staccato phrases. Above the rock, the moon is sailing into the clear winter sky and the stars are coming out.

At last the figure in white is seen to move and soon a cheery "All right" drops down from above. The difficult operation is over, the scattered rocks are reached and nothing remains but the final slabs, which in the absence of ice offer no great difficulty. Their descent by the easy Jordan route will be quick. We turn to go with the comment that it is perhaps more sensational to watch a climb than to do one.

And then we plunge over the debris behind Pisgah, climb up the Great Doup, where the snow lies crisp and deep, until we reach the friendly fence that has guided many a wanderer in the darkness down to the

top of Black Sail Pass. From thence the way is familiar, and two hours later we have rejoined the merry party round the board at the inn.

In a few days it is all over. This one is back in the Temple, that one to his office, a third to his pulpit, another to his mill, and all seem prosaic and ordinary. But they will carry with them a secret music. Say only the word "Wastdale" to them and you shall awake its echoes; then you shall see their faces light up with the emotion of incommunicable things. They are no longer men of the world; they are spirits of the mountains.

## THE AUTHOR OF "JOE AND THE GEOLOGIST"

### *Lal*[1] *Dinah Grayson*

LAL Dinah Grayson's fresh, fewsome an' free,
Wid a lilt iv her step an' a glent iv her e'e;
She glowers ebbem[2] at me whativer I say
An' meastly mak's answer wid "M'appen I may!"
"M'appen I may," she says, "m'appen I may;
Thou thinks I believe the' an' m'appen I may!"

Gay offen, when Dinah I manish to meet
O' Mundays, i' t'market i' Cockermuth street,
I whisper "Thou's nicer nor owte here today,"
An' she cocks up her chin an' says, "M'appen I may!
M'appen I may, my lad, m'appen I may;
There's nowte here to crack on an' m'appen I may!"

[1] Little. [2] Straight.

She's smart oot o' dooars—she's tidy i' t'hoose;
Snod[1] as a mowdy-warp[2]—sleek as a moose.
I' blue goon, i' black goon, i' green goon or grey
I tell her she's reeght an' git "M'appen I may:
M'appen I may," she'll say, "m'appen I may,
Thou kens lal aboot it but m'appen I may!"

There's nut mickle on her,—we ken 'at gud stuff
Laps up i' lal bundles, an' she's all aneuf;
There's nowte aboot Dinah were better away
But her comical[3] ower-wurd, "m'appen I may."
"M'appen I may," it's still, "m'appen I may."
Whativer yan wants zan gits "m'appen I may!"

An' it shaps to be smittal;[4] whoariver I gang,
I can't tell a stwory—I can't sing a sang—
I can't hod a crack, nay!—I can't read nor pray
Widout bringin' in her dang't, "M'appen I may."
"M'appen I may," it cums, "m'appen I may;"
Asteed of Amen, I say "m'appen I may."

But she met me ya neeght aside pards'aw Lea yatt—
I tock her seak heam, but I keep't her oot leat,
An' offen I said i' my oan canny way,
"Will t'e like me a lal bit?"—"Whey,—M'appen I may!
"M'appen I may, Harry, m'appen I may;
Thou's rayder a oaf-thick,[5] but m'appen I may!"

I prist her to wed me—I said I was pooar,
Just eddlin aneuf to keep hunger fray t'dooar.
She leuk i' my feace, an' then, hoaf turn't away,
She hung doon her heid and said "M'appen I may!
M'appen I may—(low doon)—m'appen I may,
I think thou means fairly, an' m'appen I may."

[1] Neat. [2] Mole. [3] Pert. [4] Infectuous. [5] Blockhead.

We're hingin' i't'bell reaps[1]—to t'parson I've toket,
An' I gev him a hint as he maffelt an' jwoket,
To mind when she sud say " love, honour, OBEY,"
'At she doesn't slip through wid her " M'appen I may."
M'appen I may, may be—m'appen I may,
But we moont put up than wid a " m'appen I may."

[1] During the period required for the publication of the banns a couple are said to " be hanging in the bell ropes."

# NOTES

Page 3 William Camden's *Brittania* was originally published in 1586, in the Latin Tongue. It was first translated into English by Philemon Holland in 1610, probably under the direction of the author.

Page 6 From the *Poly-Olbion*. Copeland Forest is a district in the South-west of Cumberland. The derivation is probably from Cop-land; *cop* being an old English term for a pointed hill. The derivation may possibly, however, be from Copper-land, a land in which copper mines were found. This extract is from the second portion of the 30th and concluding Book of *Poly-Olbion*, and shows how a Copeland nymph sings the pra ses of her own country in the "grim" northern heights. To which the surrounding peaks and then Skiddaw reply.

Page 9 "Adam Bell." The greater part of the first two fyttes of the old ballad are given here from the *Percy Reliques*, the whole ballad being too long for inclusion. It has been thought advisable to modernise the spelling.

Page 21 "Kinmont Willie," a daring exploit of the time of Queen Elizabeth, the full story of which is told in another and probably older ballad with the same title.

Page 22 George Fox was the founder of the "Society of Friends" or "Quakers." He carried his faith as an itinerant preacher to all parts of the country, and was many times imprisoned on charges of blasphemy. He was, however, a most upright, sincere and earnest man, and attracted to himself a great many followers.

Page 27 Josiah Relph of Sebergham (1712-1743) was the son of a Cumberland "statesman," that is the owner of a small paternal inheritance. He was of great piety, and wrote from the desire of expression without thought of publication. The first edition of his poems was published in Glasgow in 1747. From Gilpin's "Songs and Ballads of Cumberland," 1866.

Page 32 John Brown, 1715-1766, was a minor canon of Carlisle and a man of great versatility. Among other work he produced two tragedies in which Garrick acted, an epic poem and many essays.

Page 38 The Rev. William Gilpin, b. 1724, was one of a gifted family; he produced valuable books on Forest Scenery, &c.; one brother was an R.A., one was knighted for his medical ability, and a sister, Catherine, was a poet. Her name is associated with Susanna Blamire in writing songs.

Page 48 Ewan Clark was first a soldier, and then kept a mixed school at Standing-stone, near Wigton. "The Rustic", a poem in four cantos, was published in London in 1805; His pastorels were published at Whitehaven in 1779.

Page 51 Susannah Blamire, who was born and lived all her life near Carlisle, wrote a number of songs and lyrics which were collected and published in Gilpin's "Songs and Ballads of Cumberland," 1866. She and Miss Gilpin lived together and occasionally collaborated in writing verse.

Page 55 Robert Anderson was known as the "Cumberland Bard". The intense homeliness of his descriptions makes him the mouthpiece of the peasantry.

Page 58 A Bridewain was literally the waggon or wain which the bride sent to her new home bearing the carved chest containing her possessions, and the spinning wheel decorated with blue ribbons; also other presents sent by her friends. By the middle of the 18th century the meaning of the word was somewhat altered, and then when lovers were too poor to marry they sent out into the villages round to invite all and sundry to a bridewain. Those who accepted brought food and presents, and the day became one of local rejoicing. In the afternoon the bride would sit with a "pewter dibbler on her lap" into which fell "crowns an' half-crowns, thick as hail."

Page 65 "The Old Cumberland Beggar." Wordsworth introduces this poem with the following note: "The class of beggars to which the old man here described belongs will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor and mostly old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days on which at different houses they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, generally in provisions."

Page 67 "To a Butterfly." This was composed in 1802 and published in 1807. Dorothy Wordsworth wrote in her diary on Sunday, March 14, 1802: "While we were at breakfast he (William) wrote the poem 'To a Butterfly.' He ate not a morsel, but sate with his shirt neck unbuttoned, and his waistcoat open when he did it. The thought first came upon him as we were talking about the pleasures we both always felt at the sight of a butterfly. I told him that I used to chase them a little, but that I was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, and did not catch them. He told me how he used to kill all the white ones when he went to school, because they were Frenchmen."

Page 74 "Daffodils by Ullswater." This glory of daffodils is to be found again on a later page, taken from the diary of Dorothy Wordsworth dated April 15, 1802.

Page 77 The River Duddon, upon which Wordsworth wrote thirty-four sonnets, rises upon Wrynore Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire, and in twenty-five miles reaches the Irish Sea.

Page 78 The Maid of Buttermere was bigamously married by a scoundrelly impostor who was executed for forgery at Carlisle, Sept. 3, 1803. The story is told by De Quincey in his *Literary Reminiscences*.

Page 81 This epitaph is to be found on Southey's tomb in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick. Composed in 1843, and published in 1845.

Page 82 "Floating Island." This poem was composed so late as 1842, when Dorothy Wordsworth was over seventy. Harriet Martineau confirms the occasional presence of a floating island on Derwentwater, sometimes a mere patch and sometimes an acre in extent.

Page 84 1. From "The Bridal of Triermain."

Page 86 2. from *Guy Mannering*.
3. from "Marmion."

Page 87 The famous falls of Lodore are at the south-east end of Derwentwater and consists of a series of waterfalls which come down for more than two hundred feet over rocky jutting crags.

Page 106 The Airey beck rises on the slopes of Great Doddy passes Dockray, and enters Ullswater between Glencoin Park and Gowbarrow Park, about two miles from the head of the lake. The Force is quite near the Lyulph's Tower, where the stream has a fall of almost eighty feet. In his Guide through "The District of the Lakes" Wordsworth says: "There is a powerful brook which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood; here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns and hollies decked with honeysuckles; and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the burns and through the thickets."

Page 109 "The Luck of Edenhall" is an old drinking cup of enamel glass, which has long been preserved at Eden Hall, Cumberland, the family seat of the Musgraves. A legend tells how one of the earliest of the Musgraves received the goblet from the King of the Fairies; there are other variants. The goblet is thought to date from the 10th century. The poem was written by Johann Ludwig Uhland, and translated into the present form by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Page 111 Edward Quillinan, the writer of the Requiem for Robert Southey, married William Wordsworth's much-loved daughter, Dora.

Page 112 Christopher Bulman was a stonemason at Kirklinton. These verses were not printed till 1866, having lived in the memory of a friend.

Page 115 Walter Scott married Charlotte Margaret, the daughter of Jean Charpentier, who died in the early days of the French Revolution.

Page 116 Peel's Hunt is supposed to have commenced at Low Dentonholme, near Calbeck—thence across a rugged stretch of country in a south-easterly direction, the fox being finally run into on the heights of Scratchmere Scar, near Lazonby.

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